The Blue-stocking

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Sarah W. Smith.

F. Pealen

The Bluestocking

Mary Baldwin Seminary

1904-'05

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MARY BALDWIN COLLEGE

TO the Editors of the Past, whose success has been its Inspiration, to the Editors of the Present, whose work has been its salvation, to the Editors of the Future, with sincere commiseration, this Book is Dedicated.

1905

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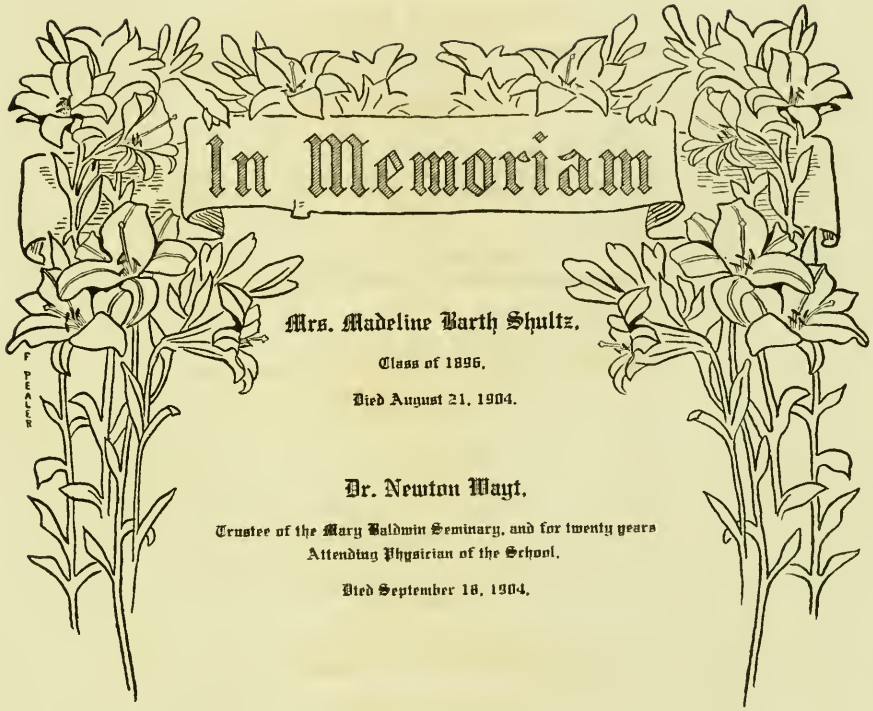

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Class of 1896.

Died August 21, 1904.

Dr. Newton Wayt.

Trustee of the Mary Baldwin Seminary, and for twenty years Attending Physician of the School.

Died September 18, 1904.

Let Us Try

TO meet each new day, bright and happy, undaunted by the wrongs and disappointments of yesterday; to take life's pleasures gladly, and yet not dissipate its energies in mere amusement; to recognize each duty when it comes, to perform it gladly, and, waiting, to see it merge into splendid privilege; to master each task honestly. To choose the good and not the low and loud from books or people; to read much from the mighty masters; to weave from their words "nests of pleasant thoughts, houses built without hands for our souls to live in." To cultivate kind thoughts, truthfulness and purity in speech, the gift too, of noble friendship, sympathetic, just, and faithful. Towards these ideals to grow by each hour and each act, so that every day may be rich with purpose, and the outcome of our years may be, at last, "Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected."

Elizabeth Sherrard

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Edith Timberlake . . . . . Virginia
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Margaret May Weatherly . . . . South Carolina

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Louise Sloss . . . . . Missouri
Florence Miriam Pealer . . . . . Minnesota

Editorial

WINTER, season of preparation, is past, with its slow, seemingly fruitless toil.

"Once more the Heavenly Power
Makes all things new"

and glad spring reaps winter's reward in greening trees and springing grass and blossoming flowers. Showers there are, mayhap, but rainbows too. Shadows — with promise of nearing sunshine.

¶ In such a time as this, thou, also O Little Book, must put forth thy leaves. We speed thee then to Baldwin's maidens with our warmest greeting. Bear thyself always modestly. If any praise, make answer on our behalf: "The praise is yours; it was from thread of your spinning the web was wrought." If any blame, admonish gently: "Consider, friends, these are but the weavers."

A Word to the Wise

Girls, if on pleasure you are bent,
'Tis not the place you should be sent,
And if it's here you're after fun,
Baldwin Sem you'd better shun.

There's history first you've got to tackle,
And with a Riddle you'll have to grapple,
Such as old Œdipus ne'er could guess,
When it the Sphinx on him did press.

O ye gods! here's to Latin!
Up, you get each early matin,
For, stricter does this teacher wax,
And her rules are never lax.

Lit is here and it's no cinch;
As with it you try to clinch,
Wilder yet you tear your hair;
You would skip it if you dare.

Then old Math uplifts his head;
You've been wishing he was dead.
Truly Hardy one must be
If the daylight he would see.

Then there's Psyc and French and Dutch,
A trio, friends, beware to touch
You might learn to parlez-vous,
But Psyc and Dutch you'll ever rue.

Now if to you it's been made clear
And Baldwin's still you do not fear,
Listen for that bell's ding dong
And come and join the happy throng.

Margaret May Weatherly.

A Baldwin Nightmare

IT was Sunday morning. She sat on the Davenport in the front Hall and waited for the church Bell. She wore her Gray hat and looked Huff(y) as her eyes wandered to the Pretty Green Bowers on the campus. She longed for a Holliday and secretly envied the Gray squirrels and the White Hare. Oh! for the fresh Ayer, the Brooks and the Woods of the West.

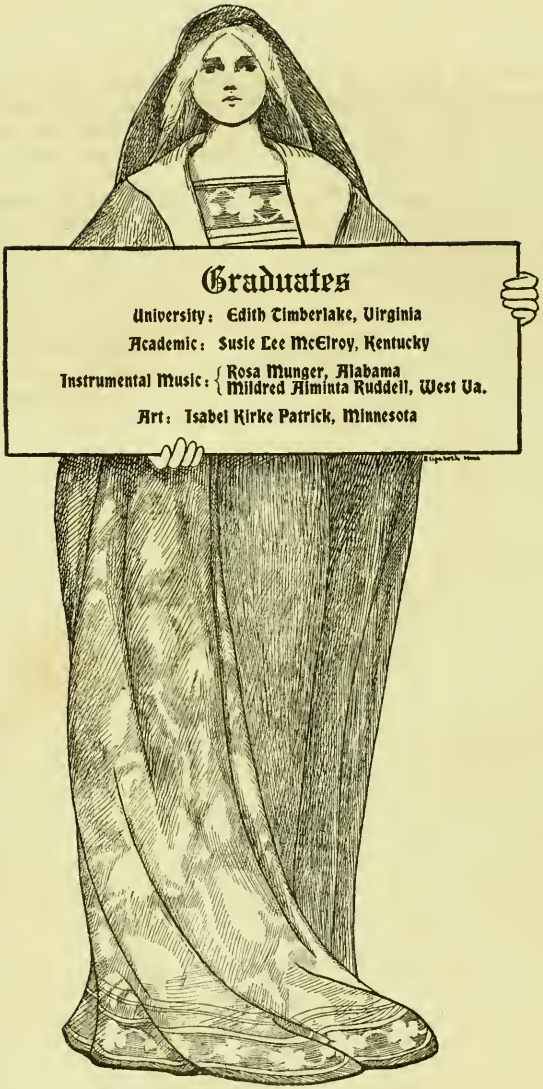
¶ She was tired of the Hull business: the Rison Bell rang too early, the Graham Pancakes were never Gude and what was Moore, the faculty had said: "No Boes and no Kable or mail communication. She had dreamed of Jack-ell Knight. She wondered if the Hardy, Stout, Young fellow would be in his place on the church steps this morning. Oh! that he would lay down his new sword and Hazard using a Penn

She Heard a noise and a Savage creature stalked into the Hall. It looked like a Crane, but had Finns and long Hare and its Crofoot carried a Hammer and a ball of Clay. "You know me," said the hideous creature, but the Knox hat did not respond, "I am called Examination. I usually appear at Baldwin on Friday. I was once Pretty, Wise and Gude, my Kraft was that of Carpenter, and it brought me a Gold Coiner too. But when the Storm came and the Frost touched the Vineyard; I moved across the Levvy to a Wilder spot and built me a Goodloe Ruff hut among the Thorns and Stones over by the Timberlake. Williams and Johns houses are there, but I don't care a Whitmore than if they were not. I spend my time better; I torture the Seminary girl. She can only Dodge me for a few days. She Shields herself behind a book and works like a Turk, the Loeb of her Wright ear Burns and her face turns many Hughes. Here the creature drew from his Vest pocket a Penn and a Page of test-paper. I am going to give you a Riddle and if you are not

Handy and do not Easley solve it, you must Runyon way with me and my Kerrs and dwell forever amid the Grimes of ages, in the dark Pitts of failure." The hideous monster grinned: "Books closed and all ready. First Question—If a Moorman from Spain Carring(a)ton of Wood Crosby———"

"Land sakes!" came a voice from the back gallery, "Miss ——— you better Gwin, the girls' all gone to church. You ought Havemer sense than to sleep here." The gray hat jumped, a ball of tissue sprang from the crown and disappeared across the floor. Its owner yawned, then heaved a deep sigh. "I'm glad that Exam's over. But O dear! I'm Left-wich means three hours in office next Saturday. I Donohoe else is so un-Lecky. Now to the infirmary! "Maxwell—tons braes are Bonnie" sang the gray Knox, as it disappeared along the covered way.

Florine Hettrick.


Graduates
University: Edith Timberlake, Virginia
Academic: Susie Lee McElroy, Kentucky
Instrumental Music: Rosa Munger, Alabama
Mildred Aiminta Ruddell, West Va.
Art: Isabel Kirke Patrick, Minnesota

Graduates

Edith Timberlake

"Exhausting thought,
And hiving wisdom with each studious year."
Byron.

Susie Lee McElroy

"'Tis good to be witty and wise."
Chapman.

Rosa Munger

"The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell."
Rogers.

Mildred Ruddell

"The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more."
Wordsworth.

Isabelle Patrick

"I can do with my pencil what I know,
What I see, what at the bottom of my heart
I wish for."
Browning.

Class Prophecy

"Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days,
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,
And marching single in an endless file,
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.
To each they offer gifts after his will,
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all."

THE wind laden with the fragrance of pink and white apple blossoms, and full of the life-giving odors of spring blew softly over me as I sat at the window looking out into the dim silence of the night. As I watched the slowly rising moon, I began to realize that to-morrow was Commencement, and before me rose a picture of the Chapel, bright with the morning sunlight; the people, the long rows of smiling, eager girls; and last of all the five graduates in their white dresses, with their arms full of flowers receiving their diplomas the tokens of long, arduous and faithful work.

I wondered if they were not building lofty and brilliant castles in the air, if their dreams of the future were not all golden and rose color; and then came the thought—what in reality does life hold for them? Dreamily I murmured, "What will they accept from the Daughters of Time, fagots or diadems?"

Silently a cloud-like haze enveloped me, and I was in some high, unknown sphere looking down upon the ebb and flow of human life, all misty and dim. As I gazed in awe and wonder, one scene shone out clear and distinct, as though the shadowy curtain had been suddenly drawn aside.

Before me arose the campus of a noted university. Students are scattered through the inviting grounds. To one side a group has gathered around one in whom I recognize an old acquaintance. Yes, Edith it

surely is, who, tall and dignified, in cap and gown, is receiving the praise and congratulations of her friends. Her ambition has led her on to greater efforts; these have been crowned with success, and to-day has been conferred upon her a degree of which she may justly be proud. As I look at her I see possibilities of yet higher things and believe that she will attain them.

Swiftly the picture came and went and looking farther, I smiled as I caught sight of Susie Lee. Our dainty, fun-loving girl of by-gone days is transformed into a charming little matron who, with a pretty assumption of dignity, flits here and there among her guests giving to all bright smiles and welcoming words. As the picture slowly faded, my last glimpse was of her happy face, and I was glad that it was so.

But my thoughts were turned to another picture. It is a gay scene. Through rooms brilliantly lighted, and between banks of fragrant flowers a throng of richly dressed people move to and fro. I seem to catch the odor of the myriads of flowers, while faint strains of music are borne to me from afar. Why this picture? I ask; and then all at once, I see, the centre and attraction of a large group, Rosa. Yes, it is surely our Miss Rose, who is scattering her smiles so promiscuously alike upon great and little. As I look at her, after the lapse of years, I see her reigning supreme, without an enemy in the world; yet, with all her triumph, the same sweet Rose of school-girl days.

That scene is gone, and in its place a studio, with paints and brushes lying carelessly about, while the walls are covered with paintings large and small. Before a canvas and easel a girl is sitting. The sun streaming through the high, uncurtained windows falls upon the canvas, lighting up the beauty of the scene depicted there, and as I turn and look at the artist, I know that Isabella has achieved success.

The artist and the picture are swept from view, as the final scene appears. Once more it is a brilliant gathering, but this time everything is hushed and still as out over the listening audience floats the soft sweet music evoked by a master's hand. As the strains cease and the player arises, I see through the flowers showered upon her, Mildred, who ever faithful in small things, has accomplished great ones.

Slowly the last picture faded, the white mist melted away and as the light grew dimmer there came to me a feeling of disappointment that none of them had won world-wide fame. And I thought as the clouds grew heavier and darker, "Is this all that life holds for them? Surely there is something higher," I cried, and lo! the room was enveloped in dazzling moonlight, while far above one bright star shone clear and steadily. My disappointment was all forgotten and a great peace fell upon me, for there had come the realization that each one of them could rise to one height, could shed her light and influence as far and as bright as that one shining star, could attain a chaplet of laurels never-fading.

Evelina Gibbons Hupman.

THE prizes for the best story, the best essay, the best poem, and the best art work for the Bluestocking of 1905, were given by Mr. Arista Hoge, Mr. Henry L. Lang, Mr. H. C. Miller and Mr. Albert Shultz, respectively; that for the best amateur photograph, also by Mr. Shultz. To these gentlemen the Editors desire to extend their hearty thanks.

The prizes have been awarded as follows: Prize Story, "Sarah, A Maid of the Revolution," Margaret May Weatherly; Prize Essay, "Southern Poets," Evelina Gibbons Hupman; Prize Poem, "The Lady in the Moon," Josephine Underwood Woods; Prize for Photograph, to Marie Keller; Art Prize, to Louise Sloss.

*Prize Photograph

A Sketch From Life

IT was the last day of the Old Year: the rays of the afternoon sun slanted across desolate fields and bleak hillsides, and lingered gently on the miserable group of shanties, huddling in the cold, bare valley,—striving to speak a farewell word of comfort and cheer. Apart, on the hill-top, surrounded by stripped and barren trees, was clearly outlined against the winter sky, the country chapel, and from its heavenward-pointing spire, the bell was slowly tolling, its solemn tones shivering on the still air: while below, along the rough road, wound the silent procession; the hearse but a wagon, the mourners few, yet on the honest black faces the dignity of real grief.

* * * * * *

The message of comfort was read with deep earnestness, and the sympathetic voice rose and fell in a great stillness:—

"Behold, I shew you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump . . . For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality . . . O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? . . . Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." And then an aged deacon rose, lifting his right hand and bowing his white head in prayer.

"Oh, Lord," he quavered, "You know that we are here for the purpose of trying to funeralize our sister, Dolly Brown. Oh, Lord, You know that we've been friends here a long time, that we've sung and prayed together in the prayer-meetings, and now she's gone. An it 'taint no use to pray for the dead, Lord—Sister Dolly, she trusted in Jesus—but, Master, we pray for the livin'. Bless the dereaved fam'ly, stand by 'em, Lord, and help 'em. Bless the pastor—give him the

Spirit, so he can preach religion. . . . And Lord, bless Your old servant here. I've been waiting for You, 'long with Sister Dolly I've been wanting to go. But I've been waiting the hand of the Lord. Oh, Lord Jesus",—his voice broke, "come quickly! Amen."

The minister announced his text, and then began his sermon. He spoke impressively.

"Brethrings and sisters, the world is passing away. Here, in the providence of God, on last New Year's day, I laid away Brother Israel Nightingale. During this past year, I've conducted sixty-six funerals and assisted at eighty-seven. And now before us is this remain of our Sister Dolly Brown. The world is passing away. Let us turn then, brethren, to the words of the text: 'Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second death hath no power'. Listen, my brethrings—'hath no power'! No hold on 'em. And such is our sister, Dolly Brown. Mighty few of us can remember, brethren, when Sister Dolly was baptized—but right then, she was delivered from the first death—from the death of sins, my brethrings! And ever since, by the grace of God, she has lived the life of a Christian. . . When she was confined to her bed, sufferin', she loved to talk of the Lord Jesus. And, listen, my brethren, do folks like to talk about the Lord Jesus, now-a-days? No, they've got too much triflin' talkin' to do, and singin' of triflin' songs. . . . But let me tell you somethin' brethren, though Sister Dolly suffered, she had mighty good care taken of her. Though Sister James would be at the washin' or ironin', she'd drop everythin' at the sound of mother's voice"—(a quiver ran through the bowed row of mourners)—"she never was too busy to run to mother. It's mighty good to hear, ain't it, brethren? For now-a-days, the young people are powerful careless and thoughtless. And what do they think, brethren? They think they can keep away from meeting and use bad words, and still believe they're saved. . . . But Sister Dolly's sufferin's all ceased. Death came to her—(there was the sound of sobbing in the first row)—but oh," cried the pastor, triumphantly, "it was the second death, and it had no power, brethrings and sisters! God called Death. He says, "Death," says he, "down at Sister James' is a faith-

ful servant of mine waiting for me. Death, go light and easy. . . . don't frighten her Death, . . . go light and easy, and bring Sister Dolly to me'. Oh, brethren, blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second death hath no power. Get ready, my brethren, get ready!"

And then from the Amen corner the hymn was raised:

"Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly."

One by one the brethren and sisters rose to their feet and the little procession, still singing, moved slowly to the grave.

"Hide me, O my Saviour, hide
Till the storm of life be past,
Safe into Thy haven guide—
Oh, receive my soul at last."

"Dust to dust—ashes to ashes." The service was read and the pastor raised his voice in prayer: "Our Father which art in heaven"—'Our Father which art in heaven', softly came the repetition. "Hallowed be Thy name" . . 'Hallowed be Thy name' . . "Thy kingdom come, . . Thy will be done."

The sun sank behind the distant hill: in the twilight hours of the passing year, Sister James turned homeward, with her heart full of the silent petition, "Thy will be done."

Josephine Underwood Woods.

A Catastrophe.

The bell has tolled the call to morning meal,
  The girls are trooping gaily down the stairs,
The kitten through the door does softly steal,
  A pained expression on her face she wears.

There was sound of maiden's footsteps light,
  And Baldwin's dining room had gathered then
Her students and her faculty, and bright
  Their eyes shone o'er syrup and rolls again,
And all was quiet as the place should be—
  When hush! hark! a strange sound strikes on
    the company.

They had not wings, they could not soar,
Their feet in panic from the floor
They lifted as they saw before
        A dark form rolling rapidly.

Step round her gingerly, oust her with care,
One little pussy cat, pawing the air,
Just a small kitten indulging in fits,
Scaring so many girls out of their wits.

On to her chair with hasty feet
Scrambled a teacher in full retreat;
Then gathering round her—not her cloak,
Stretched forth her hand, and thus she spoke—

"Stand! the ground's your own, my girls!
Look you how the kitten whirls,
See how she herself upcurls.
Fear you pussy still?
Why will you from pussy flit,
Pussy, busied with her fit,
Thinking not of you, but it;
Harmless, you sit still."

Ye who indulge in pets, in maltese, tabby, or tortoise,
Ye who believe in the sweetness and calm of a cat's disposition,
Heed ye this woeful tale, still told by the girls with a shudder,
Tale of the fitful fate of the famous Pussy of Baldwin's.

Eleanor White.

"Sarah, A Maid of the Revolution."

MOTHER, shall I wear my blue brocade to-night," inquired a sweet voice from the next room, "or do you like grandmother's lace better?"

"The lace, child, and hurry, for the colonel will soon be here—you know he always comes early," and with a rustle of silken skirts she passed out, down the broad stairs, to take a final survey of the great rooms, lighted to-night for her daughter's "coming out" ball.

Up stairs Sarah, neglecting her mother's warning to hurry, sat before the mirror gazing intensely first at her own reflection, and then at the picture she held in her hand. "I wonder if I've changed," she mused. "Mammy-Lou," she called to the old negress who was busily fussing over her toilet, "come here and tell me if I've changed."

With arms akimbo and head on one side Mammy-Lou regarded her mistress.

"Well, honey, you 'aint 'zactly chang'd, yet you is purtier than you used to be, I know," and the black face lit up as if by inspiration, "you's y're ole mammy's chile done growed up. But now you'd better hurry. Ole Miss doan like ter wait much."

The old darkie's answer must have pleased the girl, for smilingly she began to uncoil her heavy hair and prepare for the ball. Soon she was ready. One little patch near the dimple, a speck more of powder on her hair and a final "Law chile, yer do look fine," from Mammy-Lou, and the vision of loveliness passed down stairs to join her mother in welcoming their guests.

It was a brilliant company. Women be-rouged and be-patched, with lofty and fearful head dresses, moved with stately grace among the equally well dressed men, the style of whose periwigs, and cut of whose coats showed at least acquaintance with the Court of a year ago. There were to be two points of attraction to-night: Sarah Harrison, lately returned from the French Convent, where for the past three years she had been acquiring the polish thought necessary by her French mother, and Charles Howard, nephew and heir of Colonel Howard, one of the wealthiest planters of the South at the time of the great Revolution. The young man had also recently returned home, and was held slightly in awe by the young men of the colony, whose lines hadn't fallen in such pleasant places as England's court. It was easy to see that he was universally popular. He talked politics with his elders, gossip of the court with the matrons, and—well he seemed to have no trouble in entertaining the maidens.

As Sarah entered, he and the Colonel made their way towards her, and with the freedom of an old acquaintance, the Colonel kissed her blushing cheeks, and presented his nephew, who, judging from his admiring glance, seemed to regret that the privilege did not include the family. Supper was soon announced, and then the dance followed. Howard devoted himself to Sarah, and while resting after a dance near a window, he was surprised to see her face become clouded, which a moment before had been laughing over some incident of their childhood.

Following her gaze, he saw Mrs. Harrison's deep courtesy, and the stranger's low bow, but as the latter glanced expectantly around the room, Sarah laying her hand on his arm hurriedly exclaimed, "Oh, take me out; don't let them see me." Not understanding, but quite willing to take her away by himself, he pushed open the window, and they stepped out into the cool night air of the balcony. They found a seat and were soon deeply engaged in reminiscences of their childhood. Howard thought she had forgotten the strange guest, but when a pause fell between them, she asked, "Do you know who the stranger is?"

"Yes," he replied, "he is a French Count, supposed to be here with offers of aid from his government to the colonies. He is rather handsome, don't you think?"

"Yes," murmured his companion doubtfully, "but—let's talk of something else. Did you hear Mr. Burke's speech while in England?" He was amused at her inconsistency, (for she had begun the conversation,) but plunged obediently into English politics and the chances of success for the colonies.

They were both startled by the voice of Madam Harrison who was standing near them, leaning on the count's arm. "My daughter, Count de Shay." Sarah's deep courtesy prevented her seeing the look of mingled triumph and admiration that lit up the stranger's face, which though handsome was in repose cold and haughty. Howard, however, saw and hated him for it.

"Mr. Howard," continued their hostess, "an old friend of the family, Count."

Both men bowed, the one with a condescending air of superiority; the other gravely, but with equal pride.

"Sarah, I've promised you for this dance to the count. Howard will excuse you, I'm sure, and I shall find him another partner." Glancing at Sarah as she moved off, he flattered himself that she did not like the change any more than he did, but her mother was waiting for him so they moved together towards the ball-room.

The strange guest was very attentive to his young hostess, and envious matrons whispered to each other that Mildred Harrison was bent on a match, but she should know her countrymen better than to suppose that one used as he was to the beauties of Paris, would long be enamoured of a colonial belle, even as beautiful as Sarah. As for that young lady, she treated her guest with freezing politeness, but firmly refused to return to the balcony where he had found her. "I see mademoiselle has not forgiven my unfortunate ardor on the ship. But, mademoiselle, you were like dew-laden flower of your own forest to the hot house plants of the court. That is my excuse. I could not be contented with look-

ing but must needs sp—" Sarah's upraised hand stopped him, and continuing in French, as he had begun, she said with biting irony:

"Monsieur need not apologise for not being a gentleman, but why has he followed me here?"

The dark blood mounted to his forehead. "Ah," he thought, "the rose has thorns;" but aloud, "You, mademoiselle are the magnet that drew me. I had business in Philadelphia, which I quickly dispatched. It was not hard to find out who the lovely lady was that returned on the Gray Mist, nor where she lived. The rest was easy. I knew of Madam's father, and her gay young brother had already written her that his friend was to be in America soon. Voila; now hasn't mademoiselle a warmer welcome for me."

"I am glad to welcome my uncle's friend," she said, graciously extending her hand to him, which the gallant Frenchman carried reverently to his lips.

There was the faint flush of dawn in the heavens as the last guest rode away, leaving madam and her daughter to their belated rest. Both ladies were pleased with the evening, and, as they prepared for bed, both were busy with her own thoughts. The older woman saw again her beloved France, and again moved through the stately halls of the palace, the Mecca of every French woman's heart. She was too well versed in feminine lore to hint such thoughts to her daughter that night. She had a few days before been anxious that the Howard and Harrison estate should be joined, but now — truly much could happen in a night.

Sarah's thoughts tho' concerned with the same characters, were of a different nature. She was once more holding the photograph of Charles Howard and musing intently over its features. "He is much better looking than this," she decided, as she laid it down to prepare for bed. "And I don't believe he likes the count either. But why? he seems to be a gentleman after all, but——"

There her musing ended in the healthy sleep of youth.

* * * * * * * * *

Three years later Count De Shay was again in the colonies. This time at the head of a company of troops. He could hardly restrain his

impatience while in the northern capital. He had not seen Sarah Harrison since leaving America, when he had been recalled to France by the death of his father. True he took with him a final and inexorable "no," but what man ever believed a woman's no? Suppose she had married that cursed Englishman. There his reflections would end, but the grim determination with which his jaw closed boded no good for Charles Howard, as he cursed his luck that called him away, leaving another to take the prize.

Sarah and Charles had been married for a year. There had been war with her mother at first, but as the gay Frenchman did not return she had finally consented, with as good grace as possible. Yes, Sarah and Charles had been married for a year, but he had left her within an hour of their wedding and since had seen her only twice. Once as he was marching with his men to meet Pickens near Camden, she had driven over to see him pass, and again, when his little force had been hard pushed by the enemy, and they were commanded to disperse and meet again beyond the Pee Dee, he had spent a few days with her. She, however, was not unhappy. She had given as many another woman was doing, her all to her country, and self sacrifice no matter what the cost always brings with it a sense of peace. So she waited the end of the war, feeling, in the abundance of her own youthful strength, that God would not take her young husband and lover away. No, not yet; maybe when they were both old and gray there would come a separation, but that time was surely far off.

Her first knowledge that Count de Shay was in America was from the Count himself. She met him graciously and only regretted that her husband was not there to make his stay more enjoyable. Madam was delighted to see him, and if she was disappointed that her plans had miscarried, she gave no sign.

The Count was stationed at Charleston, which tho' two hundred miles from Pine Grove, was near enough for him to visit them weekly. Rides, drives, and walks were planned for Sarah's enjoyment. She accepted his attentions for herself and her mother, but at the end of several

months he realized, much to his chagrin, that he possessed not one look, word, nor thought that he might flatter himself belonged to him alone. Just as he began to think fate had deserted him, she, fickle creature, turned her beams full upon him. In a skirmish with the enemy he received a wound in his arm, which though painful, was not dangerous. Madam insisted that the camp was no place for him, and notwithstanding his faint protestations he was moved to Pine Grove, and Sarah installed herself as nurse and secretary, receiving reports from Charleston and answering them for him. During the weeks of convalescence their relations were very intimate. "You are almost a brother now," she said one day in excuse, as she prepared at his request to read him extracts from her husband's last letter. She did not see the cynical smile that hovered about his lips, for her eyes were greedily devouring the letter's precious contents.

One day before he was to leave, they sat within a vine covered arbor. He had been reading to her, but as they were discussing some new move of the hero, they began to talk of other things and the book lay forgotten. He was a brilliant conversationalist, and she always enjoyed listening to him, but this evening her thoughts were with her husband, for a battle was pending, it was reported, and he would probably take part in it. She came back with a start to realize that he was not, as formerly, thanking her for her kindness during his illness, but what! truly the man was mad; she love him! With face flaming and eyes flashing she drew away.

"You ingrate! you brute!" she hissed. "Never speak to me again."

Up stairs, her face buried in her pillow, she sobbed out her shame and grief. Mammy-Lou could not comfort her as she generally did, and at last really alarmed she went to find her mistress. Mrs. Harrison heard her daughter's story if not with indifference at least without the sense of wrong that Sarah felt.

"There, child, it is only a Frenchman's way. You are a conceited and foolish woman to act as you are doing," she said.

"But, mother, tell him not to come again," she sobbed.

"Tut, child, you are making a mountain out of nothing. Why should I deny a young gentleman the house because he pays my daughter compliments."

"Then I will never, never see him again, and I won't stay here any longer," Sarah declared, at last awakened to the fact that, if not actually in league with him, her mother by no means resented the Count's behavior.

After this Sarah was never at home when the Frenchman called. Her mother coaxed and scolded. Her uncle had written that to be friends with Count de Shay would be to oblige him for there were certain debts of honor that the Count could act nasty about if he choose. But Sarah's answer was always the same. She loved her uncle, and would like to aid him, but she could not overlook the Count's conduct and her first duty was to her husband. Further she wrote to him to come to her if only for a day. She told him that if he could arrange for his old home to be opened, (the Colonel had fallen in battle nearly two years before) it would be pleasanter, as her mother's roof could no longer shelter his wife and Count de Shay.

The cloud seemed to brighten about her as time passed, and she prepared for his home-coming. The Count had not been to call in several days and she was beginning to think that perhaps she had over estimated his unfortunate speech. Her mother received the information of Howard's expected return in silence. She did not understand her daughter. They were entirely different; one could not comprehend the daughter's nobleness of mind, the other had no room in her own noble nature to cherish the idea of littleness in her mother.

Count de Shay was decidedly out of humor with the weather, the soldiers, and most of all with himself. Why had he been such a blundering idiot as to ruin his chances just as he had some. If only he could apologize in person—but she was so stubborn. Ah, she was beautiful that day as she told him to begone. A veritable queen, yes, and the more fit to reign in his ancestral castle. "And reign she shall, willingly or not," he added grimly. Madam was his friend, he felt sure, and mad-

am's money would be no mean exchange for her daughter's title. Calling for his horse he was about to go for his daily ride when a young negro boy handed him a note. He opened it hurriedly. It ran:

"Howard returns to-night on a short furlough. Do not come here until he leaves. The tide is coming our way. M. H."

His ride was of a different nature from what he had intended. The horse hardly recognized his master, and went to suit his own notion. So when his plans finally assumed shape, he looked about him wonderingly. He was in a country where he had never been before. Surely it was not six o'clock, and he had been riding since twelve. Well, he would make for the first house and find out where he was. Some distance away he could see smoke, and occasionally catch glimses of a white house through the thick trees. He was not destined, however, to reach the house, for meeting a small boy on the way he found out all he desired. He was on Tory ground and the people who lived in the white house were for the King's side. Would the boy like to earn a dollar by carrying his father a note? Well, wait a few minutes. Tearing a half leaf from his memorandum book he hastily wrote a few lines.

"A Rebel Spy is to stay at the Harrison's place to-morrow night. Notify Cornwallis. Has important papers for Lee. Do not trust him. A reward of £100 for him alive or dead.

(Signed), A Servant of his Majesty."

Charles Howard heard his wife's story with a frown on his face. "Yes, I think you had better move. Your mother may accompany you if she wishes, but there you will be farther away from hostile armies and other annoyances," was his reply. He was a man of few words, and he knew that standing face to face with De Shay he would let his sword say what he would not allow his lips. The next day was a happy one for them both. He did not leave the plantation, but having sent word to a few old friends, there was a quiet gathering that evening to hear the latest news from the front.

Next morning Sarah was awakened by a loud knocking at the front door. Fearing she knew not what, she hurried to the window. The yard was full of red coats. Quickly calling her husband she made him conceal himself, while with trembling hands she dressed and stepped to the window.

Drawing the curtain, she asked the men what they wanted. They told her that they knew a rebel spy was concealed in the house, and they wanted him. Her indignant protestations made no impression. The leader pulled out his watch, saying gruffly, "I will give you five minutes to decide whether you will bring him out or whether we shall set the house afire. There is no time for a search, the rebs may show up at any minute." His lieutenant, a more decent looking man than his captain, pitying the agonized face doffed his hat, saying: "Madam, if you will send him out, I will do all in my power to have him exchanged as a prisoner of war." Howard hearing these generous terms, stepped to his wife's side.

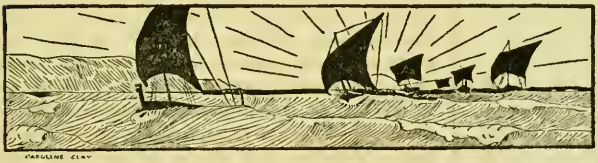
There was a sharp report, a cry from Sarah, and Charles Howard lay dying in her arms.

Why dwell on the suffering that followed. They buried him in the garden of his old home, and there Sarah went to live that she might be near his grave. You ask what became of her. She was a daughter of the Revolution, not a flower to be broken and crushed by war's rude breath. Her home became a hospital for the sick and wounded soldiers; she and her household, nurses. Her mission was to minister to the suffering, and many a soldier breathing his last with his hand in hers declared it was easier to go thus, and blessed her with his dying breath.

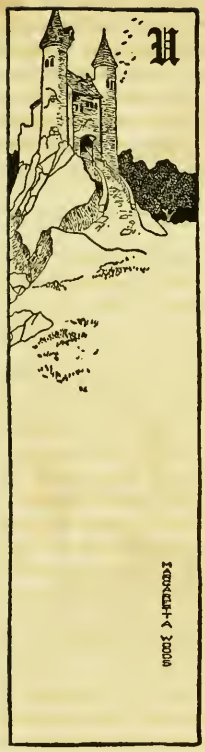
The note written by Count de Shay had been sent her by the young lieutenant as an excuse for his companion's brutality, she supposed, soon after Howard's death. The Count never spoke to her again. Whether he could not bear her reproachful eyes or his own conscience she did not know. His friends soon afterwards secured his discharge, and he returned to France.

She spoke no accusing word. That silent, pitying, white-haired woman was never heard to utter an ungentle word, and long after the war was over she continued her gentle mission in many a lonely hut and cottage. When one morning she was found sleeping that deep sleep that knows no wakening, they laid her by him in the old garden, at whose high bluff the riiver below has gnawed continually until now the two beds overhang the river, bedecked in summer with a few old fashioned flowers whose hardiness defies the weeds which have choked their fragile sisters; like two souls, who though parted by years of death, now hand in hand stand ready to leap into that vast unknown to meet their destiny.

Margaret May Weatherly.



Southern Poets



UNDER sunny skies, surrounded by deep, dim forests stretching far in the distance, awed by the vast silence hovering mist-like over the New World, it is not strange that from the Valleys of the James and Rappahannock first went forth the song of the bard. George Sandys in 1621, came over to Jamestown and was made secretary of the colony. In his subsequent life in Virginia he wrote several poems which possessed a fair degree of merit and won for him the distinction of being the first American as well as the first Southern poet. Nothwithstanding this early beginning, the harp hung silent until after the Revolution, when other poets began to come forward.

There are many poets of this period, but the first, and many think, "the greatest genius the South has given to literature," was Edgar Allen Poe. Of Northern birth, but of Southern ancestry, Poe is always considered a Southern writer, though his works have not the peculiarly Southern feeling which characterizes those of Hayne, Lanier and others. His writings, as well as his character, have been the subject of many bitter controversies, but notwithstanding the very harsh criticism to which his works are sometimes subjected, the most severe critic cannot deny that there is a certain originality and charm about them which set him apart from all other American writers. His life was a sad one, misspent and wasted as it was. His naturally weak, yielding character was not strengthened by the training of his childhood, and

as he grew older he became more recklessly dissipated. The great love which he bore his child-wife was the one redeeming trait in his character, and yet he let her die in poverty and want. Perhaps her death and his own grief and remorse, enabled him to picture with so much reality, the utter hopelessness and dispair shown in most of his poems. This is true in "The Raven:"

> "And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
> On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
> And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
> And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
> And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor;
> Shall be lifted—never more."

Not only are Poe's poems expressive of sorrow, but the music of his verse is unrivaled. He believed that poetry was "the rythmical creation of beauty," and while he perhaps carried this idea a little too far, it must be acknowledged that the weird music of his poetry has an irresistible fascination.

Poe's genius was not confined to poetry. He showed his wonderful narrative powers in "The Gold Bug," "The Fall of the House of Usher," "The Masque of the Red Death" and other stories. In all of these we see the ghastly, weird and mysterious world which he was so fond of portraying. The coloring is vivid and always forms a fitting background for the story. In the "Masque of the Red Death" the seven rooms of Prince Prospero, violet, purple, white, and last of all the room hung in sable, with the deep crimson glow falling in blood-like shafts of light over all, form a terrible, yet appropriate background for that white, shrouded figure as it holds at bay the crowd of revelers who one by one become its victim.

In "The Fall of the House of Usher" the scene and coloring are changed. There, everything is desolate, decayed and ruined. Everything is of a dull, leaden hue until the final scene, when the blackness of the night is illumined with forks of jagged lightning, while surrounding the dark, old castle are phosphorescent gleams throwing lurid lights on

the black waters of the tarn. As the house falls the color fades, leaving mid-night and sullen clouds ruling over the ruins of the House of Usher.

It is this wild, imaginative power which makes Poe's prose works successful. "He rules over this sombre, miasmic, melancholy region, full of waste places, of ruins, and of stagnant waters, haunted by broken hopes and leaden-eyed despairs."

The morbid, sinister tone of his writings show the unhealthy mind, as well as the hopeless, despairing heart, and seeing this, we do not wonder at his saying:

"Out—out are the lights, out all!
And over each quivering form,
The curtain, a funeral pall,
Comes down with the rush of a storm,
And the angels, all pallid and wan,
Uprising, unveiling, affirm
That the play is the tragedy 'Man'
And its hero the Conqueror Worm."

Sidney Lanier stands the next poet in rank to Edgar Allen Poe and, though he is a follower of Poe in the music of his verse, in other things they differed widely. Lanier breathed into his poems far more of the Southern spirit; he also loved nature with a deep, almost holy love, which Poe with his character was utterly incapable of attaining.

Lanier grew up with an intensely music-loving nature, even when a child devoting his whole time to music and literature. After going through college he found himself on the eve of war, and putting aside his literary ambition, shouldered his musket and marched to defend his country. Of this period of his life he says: "Nearly two years were passed in skirmishes, racing to escape the enemy's gunboats, signaling dispatches, serenading country beauties, poring over chance books, and foraging for provender."

We can imagine him, "poring over chance books" by the light of the camp-fire, while the rest of the soldiers after a weary march are sleeping; and he is alone, with the silence of the night broken only by the occasional tramps of the sentry as he passes near. It was in those

days of toilsome march and battle that he drew near to nature and listened to her teaching. It was while campaigning in Virginia that he wrote his novel "Tiger Lilies," which gives us many incidents of his soldier life.

When the war was over, Lanier came out penniless and with ruined health. He tried many ways of earning a living but owing to bad health he was not successful at any. Finally, obtaining a lectureship at Johns Hopkins University, he determined to devote the rest of his life to literature. We know that his last years were sad ones; disappointed again and again in his literary hopes, and struggling against a terrible disease that was draining his life, it was but a never-failing faith in his heavenly Father which kept him cheerful to the last. Of his wife, his help and comforter in those days of trial, he says:

"Dear eyes, dear eyes and rare complete—
Being heavenly-sweet and earthly-sweet—
I marvel that God made you mine,
For when He frowns, 'tis then ye shine!"

Lanier's nearness to nature enabled him to interpret it well, and one of his greatest poems is "Corn."

"To-day the woods are trembling through and through—
With shimmering forms, and flash before my view,
Then melt in green as dawn-stars melt in blue;
The leaves that wave against my cheek caress
Like women's hands; the embracing boughs express
A subtlety of mighty tenderness;
The copse-depth into little noises start,
That sound anon like beating of a heart,
Anon like talk 'twixt lips not far apart.

The beach dreams balm, as a dreamer hums a song;
Through that vague wafture, expirations strong
Throb from young hickories breathing deep and long
With stress and urgence bold of prisoned spring
An ectasy burgeoning."

"The Song of the Chattahoochee" is one of the most popular of his works. Among others are "The Symphony," "Clover," and "The

Revenge of Hamish." "Sunrise" is considered his best poem. It was written just before his death and expresses, almost rapturously, his love for nature.

"Ye lispers, whisperers, singers in storms,
Ye consciences murmuring faiths under forms,
Ye ministers meet for each passion that grieves,
Friendly, sisterly, sweetheart leaves,
Oh, rain me down from winds that contain me
Wisdoms ye winnow front winds that pain me,—
Sift down tremors of sweet—within sweet
That advise me more than they bring,—repeat
Me the woods—smell that swiftly but now brought breath
From the heaven-side bank of the river of death,—
Teach me the terms of silence,—preach me,—
The passion of patience,—sift me,—impeach me,—
And there, oh there
As ye hang with your myriad palms upturned in the air,
Pray me a myriad prayer."

Through all of Lanier's poems is the musical element, which, however is not as noticeable in his works as in those of Poe. In the novel "Tiger Lilies," he teaches how necessary is music to every individual and to the home. The following extract from a letter to his wife shows the music in his own soul:

"The very inner spirit and essence of all wind-songs, bird-songs, passion-songs, folk-songs, country-songs, sex-songs, soul-songs and body-songs hath blown upon me in great gusts like the breath of passion and sailed me into a sea of vast dreams whereof each wave is at once a vision and a melody."

In Paul Hamilton Hayne and Henry Timrod we see two schoolboy chums, and life-long friends. Their lives were very much alike though, perhaps of the two, Timrod's was the sadder; for while to Hayne came, in a measure, some acknowledgement of his fame, Timrod died believing his work a failure.

Both of these poets owed their poetic natures to their beautiful, gifted, mothers, who carefully encouraged and trained their children in the love of the good and beautiful. Hayne had the additional blessing of a

long line of gifted, noble, patriotic ancestors, from whom he inherited a natural refinement and culture.

These young poets were early received into the literary circles of Charleston, and Hayne was very successful in his writings for popular periodicals. The prospects of both were suddenly cut short by that cannon shot from old Fort Sumter. While neither of these poets, on account of ill-health, was able to give much active service to his country, they sowed her instead with their songs. In Timrod's impassioned lyric "Carolina" one feels that the heart of the writer was in every word.

Henry Timrod had a very high standard as to what poetry should be. Unlike Poe he did not think beauty the chief end of poetry, but believed that "two other elements must be added and these are power, where it is developed in some noble shape, and truth, whether abstract or not, where it affects the common heart of mankind." This standard he lived up to, nearly everyone of his poems expressing both power and truth.

Timrod excelled in sonnet writing but his other poems also, aer full of nature and beautiful thoughts. The longest of his poems is the "Vision of Poesy," in which he sets forth the true mission of poets. Another one which has been very successful is called "The Past," in which he speaks of the past as

> "A shadowy land, where joy and sorrow kiss
> Each still to each corrective and relief,
> Where dim delights are brightened into bliss,
> And nothing wholly perishes but grief.
>
> Ah me!—not dies—no more than spirit dies;
> But in a change like death, is clothed with wings,
> A serious angel, with entranced eyes,
> Looking to far-off and celestial things."

Hayne's works are not vitally different from Timrod's, both poets being so much alike in taste and character. Hayne contributed a great deal to periodicals and won for himself some recognition, although his fame was not generally proclaimed until after his death. He, like Timrod, excelled in sonnets, indeed has been called "the Prince of sonneteers."

Among his other works is a volume entitled "Avolio and Other Poems," and also a collection of "Legends and Lyrics" of which "Aethra," a legend, is said to be "the gem of its kind." All of his poems are full of dreamy restfulness, he himself, prefering that kind of life to one of lively energy and action. He had a bright, strong imagination, as his writings show; especially is this seen in his "Cloud Pictures." In this little poem we see with him

"Castles, with guarded roof, and turret tall
Great sloping archway, and majestic wall,
Sapped by the breezes to their noiseless fall!
* * * * *
Grey lines of Orient pilgrims, a gaunt band
On famished camels, o'er the desert sand
Plodding towards their prophet's Holy Land."

Both Hayne and Lanier had many hardships after the war was over. Their property was all gone, and each of them had to work for his daily bread, while he was longing to give his whole time to literature. Hayne disappointed and discouraged, moved to the pine woods of Georgia and there, in a little cottage called Copse Hill, he spent his life, busily working and writing.

"Here, far from worldly strife, and pompous show,
The peaceful seasons glide serenely by,
Fulfill their missions, and as calmly die,
As waves on quiet shores when winds are low."

It was at this place, which, "Catches morn's earliest and eve's latest glow," that the most peaceful days of Timrod's sad life were passed. Here, away up in the pine woods, he was happy, and Hayne in a poem, "Under the Pine," commemorative of his friend, says:

"O tree! against thy mighty trunk he laid
His weary head; thy shade
Stole o'er him like the first cool spell of sleep:
It brought a peace so deep
The unquiet passion died from out his eyes,
As lightning from stilled skies.

Hayne also gives us a beautiful account of their life among the pines. He says:

"We would rest on the hillside in the swaying golden shadows, watching together the Titanic masses of snow-white clouds which floated slowly and vaguely through the sky, suggesting by their form, whiteness and serene motion, despite the season, flotillas of icebergs upon Arctic seas. Like lazzaroni we basked in the quiet noons, sunk in the depths of serene, or perhaps of yet more charmed sleep; or we smoked, conversing lazily between the puffs,—

> "Next to some pine whose antique roots just peeped
> From out the crumbling bases of the sand."

A few weeks after his visit to Copse Hill Timrod died. He had not then received the recognition he had hoped for, nor has he yet received the full praise to which his works entitled him.

Though Hayne, also, has not been given his true place among the writers of our country, his fame has been more firmly established than that of Timrod, and he is generally recognized as the poet laureate of the South.

It has been well said of these three poets, Lanier, Hayne and Timrod, that

> "They knew alike what suffering starts
> From fettering need and ceaseless pain;
> But still with brave and cheerful hearts,
> Whose message hope and joy imparts,
> They sang their deathless strain."

This little group of Southern writers would not be complete without one other—the poet-priest of the South. Father Abraham Ryan is one of the most beautiful of literary characters, who gave to his poetry the beauty and sacredness of his religion. To him, the true poets were prophets, speaking with divine power and love. He would set them apart from their fellow men and have them dwell in a holier, higher sphere.

"They are all dreamers; in the day and night
Ever across their souls
The wondrous mystery of the dark or bright
In mystic rhythm rolls.
* * * * *
They are the loneliest men that walk men's ways,
No matter what they seem;
The stars and sunlight of their nights and days
Move over them in dream."

Of Father Ryan's life very little is known except that revealed in his poems. In these we learn of his love "a fair sweet girl with great, brown, wondering eyes," and also that "their hearts just touched to separate and bleed," both he and the girl he loved consecrating their lives to God.

Knowing this we do not wonder that through all his poems there runs a sadness, like a minor strain, and yet, he did not believe that life was all sorrow for he says that

"Joy is life's tree—grief but its leaves."

Though he thus looked upon life we know that he often longed for the time when he should lay it down and rest. After a severe illness in Rome when he was recovering he said:

"I nearly died, I almost touched the door
That swings between forever and no more;
I think I heard the awful hinges grate,
Hour after hour, while I did weary wait
Death's coming: but alas! 'Twas all in vain;
The door half opened and then closed again."

Of his writings, Father Ryan says:

"I sing with a voice too low
To be heard beyond to day,
In minor keys of people's woe
But my songs pass away.

To-morrow hears them not—
To-morrow belongs to fame—
My songs, like the birds will be forgot
And forgotten shall be my name.

And yet who knows? Betimes
The grandest songs depart
While the gentle, humble, and low-toned rhymes
Will echo from heart to heart."

These words have in a measure been fulfilled. Some of his best poems are especially Southern in sentiment and are known and loved through the South. The "Conquered Banner" certainly appeals to every Confederate soldier and lover of the Southern cause.

"Furl that Banner! true 'tis gory;
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory
And 'twill live in song and story,
Though its folds are in the dust;
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages—
Shall go sounding down through ages—
Furl its folds though now we must."

Besides being a staunch patriot, Father Ryan was a great lover of nature, and truly as he says:

"God comes close to me here—
Back of every rose-leaf there
He is hiding—and the air
Thrills with calls to holy prayer
Earth grows far, and heaven near.

Every single flower is bright
With the very sweetest dreams,
Under clouds and under gleams
Changeful ever—yet me seems
On each leaf I read God's thoughts."

One writer says: "From beginning to end Father Ryan's poetry is a transparent casket into which he has poured the richest treasures of a deeply sorrowing, but noble Christian spirit."

As a soldier, a priest, and a poet, one sees in him perfect sincerity and nobility, and can well believe in his entire consecration when he says:

"And I fell at the feet of the Holy,
And above me a voice said: 'Be Mine'
And there rose from the depths of my spirit
An echo—'My heart shall be thine.'"

Father Ryan died in 1886 in a monastery in Louisville. Although he had bravely and cheerfully lived his life, death was to him a welcome rest.

"My feet are weary, and my hands are tired,
My soul oppressed—
And I desire—what I have long desired
Rest—only rest."

Thus we have seen briefly the most prominent of the Southern poets. Among them Poe's dissipated life stands out in sharp contrast to the beautiful, noble, pure lives of those who have fought life's battles against poverty, sickness and heartaches, and who came forth from them stronger, better men, the source of whose strength was in that "Valley of Silence" described by Father Ryan:

"Do you ask me the place of the valley,
Ye hearts that are harrowed by care.
It lieth afar between mountains;
And God and His angels are there;
And one is the dark mount of sorrow
And one the high mountain of prayer."

Certainly these poets are worthy of the highest honor and praise of every American as well as every Southerner. If their genius seems to be slow in coming, let us hope that in the future their countrymen will not be found wanting in justice and appreciation, and will accord them the place which they deserve among the American men of letters.

Evelina Gibbons Hupman.

The Lady in the Moon.

The day is done: the weary Earth
Has laid her down to sleep,
The whistling wind is her lullaby
While the stars their watches keep.

Bare boughs across the face of the moon
Move slowly to and fro:
Cold and darkness brood o'er the dell
Where the wild rose used to grow.

The grass is dead 'neath piled-up leaves,
The trees are stark and gray;
The biting blast and frowning skies
Have frightened the birds away.

Above, the Lady in the Moon
Leans forth from her silver rim,
And, listening, she slowly puts aside
From her face the swaying limb.

Her face is fair as is the cloud
That floats in the Summer skies,
And in her face the dimples laugh
As the slumb'ring Earth she spies.

Swift down she comes: at the touch of her
breath
The hoar frost melts away,
And the icy chains on the stream are rent,
The brook takes up its lay.

And lo! a blade of grass appears
Where'er her foot doth press;
Shy violets, reflecting the hue of her eyes,
Spring at her light caress.

She raises two fingers to her lips,
The robins return at her call,
To build once more their tiny nests
In the budding maples tall.

But now across the eastern sky
Glad morning comes apace:
And, startled, the Lady of the Moon
Retreats to her dwelling place.

And Earth awakes to an April morn,
To a world that is fair and gay;
And opens her eyes in wide wonderment
Unmindful 'tis All Fools' Day!

Josephine Underwood Woods.

School Song

Tune: Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching.

M. B. S. the name we sing,
And our voices proudly ring,
As we join the mighty chorus
Full and strong.
Though our paths divided be,
We are loyal, true to thee,
Home of happiest school-girl days—
The M. B. S.

CHORUS.

White and yellow float forever,
Colors bravest and the best;
Hark! the echoes catch the strain,
Sounding back the glad refrain:
White and yellow float forever,
M. B. S.

On the hillside green it stands,
Beacon-light to distant lands,
While the colors float above it
Fair and free.
Daughters fond from far and near
Pay a loving tribute here.
Fame hath wreathed the portal old
Of M. B. S.

To Our Literature Room---A Toast

HERE'S to the little room with the green walls, the red benches, the yellow shades. and the black floor. Green for the expression of those who frequent it; red for their noses when its temperature falls; yellow for the jaundiced views of life obtained through its discomforts, and black for the depths of despair into which all are plunged on certain occasions.

Here's to its billowy floor, which heaves up gently and unexpectedly in the most awkward places, utterly disregarding the consequent teetering of the benches on its bosom. Here's to its benches of uncompromising cut, made to follow the outline of no human form, and certainly never designed to promote the comfort of its unlucky occupants. To the clannish red benches, which in their desire to be near one another, begrudge the proper accommodations for those inevitable adjuncts to the human form, the feet; and which cause many a kink in the anatomy of those who happen to be endowed with length of limb. We would not mention the outraged toes which are regularly walked upon in the labored progress of their various neighbors to their places, lest we seem prejudiced against these most estimable upright benches of the gory hue.

And here is to the numerous blackboards which occupy impossible positions, access to which depends largely on a general upheaval of the class, or on one's ability to disprove that law which declares that two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time.

Then here's to our class-room, its red and its green,
Its straight-slatted benches, its hollows unseen.

Eleanor White,

SAPERE
AUDE

Mary Baldwin Literary Society

OFFICERS:

4 Edith Timberlake, ... President
5 May Weatherly, ... Vice President
1 Agnes McClung West, ... Recording Secretary
6 Margaret Johs, ... Corresponding Secretary
2 Louise Sloss, ... Treasurer
3 Elizabeth Sherrard, ... Assistant Treasurer

MEMBERS:

Mary Boyd Ayer,
Josephine Blair,
Martha Bell,
Eleanor Bowers,
Arabella Burns,
Blanche Coleman,
Claude Coleman,
Marguerite Coleman,
Mary L. Crane,
Caroline M. Clay,
Margaret Crofoot,
Jean M. Dunnington,
Mary Donohoe,
Bonnie Dulaney,
Lucy K. Dunnington,
Allene Dewan,
Anita Dumars,
Helen Dodge,
Rosa Lea Dulaney,
Mary Rose Finn,
Bertie C. Gold,
Laura P. Gilkeson,
Emily Gilkeson,
Elizabeth Grimes,
Eugenia Hubbard,
Bessie Hoge,
Harriet Houston,
Emily Illingworth,
Marguerite Jackells,
Alice Jeffries Moore,
Margaret Johns,
Marie Keller,
Edna Kerr,
Allie Knight,
Miss Leftwich,
Evalyn R. Loewy,
Allie Knight,
Reba Mohler,
Rosa Munger.
Susie Lee McElroy,
Miss Marchand,
Elsie H. Moffett,
Mabel Mackoy,
Mada I. McCutheon,
Nan Nicholson,
Bessie Osborn,
Florence Pealer,
Mattie Irvin Penn,
Lafayette H. Parshall,
Fanny Young Priddy,
Isabelle Kirke Patrick,
Hettie Ruff,
Elizabeth M. Sherrard,
Sallie Stout,
Louise D. Shields,
Louise Sloss,
Myrtle Sebrell,
Nelle Schwartz,
Edith Timberlake,
Olive Timberlake,
Mary Houston Turk
Nelle Thomason,
Jennie Thorn,
Josephine Timberlake,
May Weatherly,
Miss Wilder,
Eleanor White,
Josey Woods,
Elizabeth Wetmore,
Laura Williams,
Agnes West,
Mildred R. Weigel.

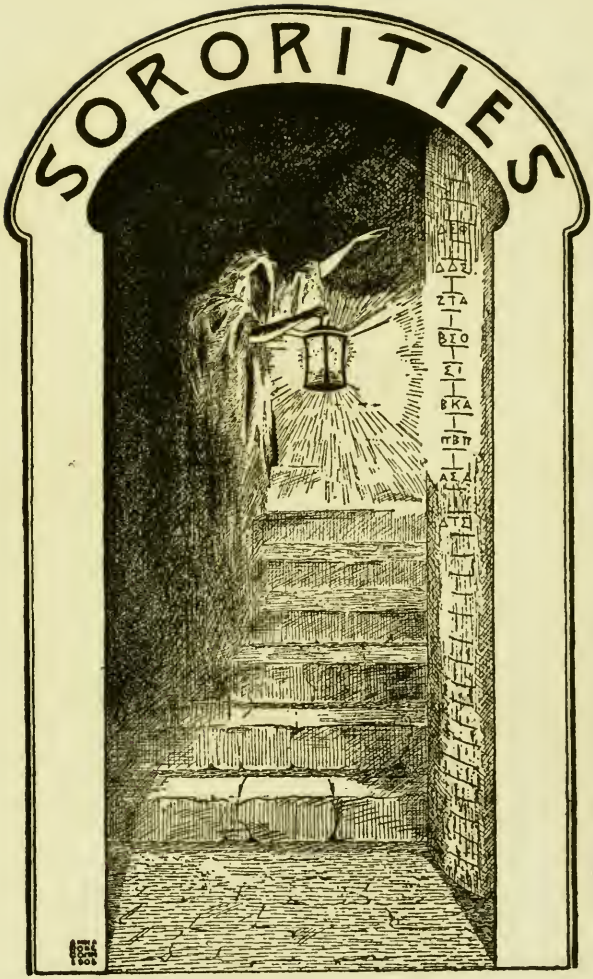
1

3

2

4

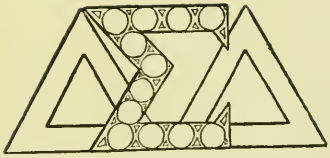
5


SORORITIES

Delta Sigma Phi

ALPHA CHAPTER.

3 Virginia Watkins Carrington, ... South Boston, Virginia
1 Mary List Hazlett, ... Wheeling, West Virginia
9 Sarah List Hazlett, ... Wheeling, West Virginia
Mary Lewis Hutchinson, ... Staunton, Virginia
2 Rosa Munger, ... Birmingham, Alabama
Adelaide Davidson Nix, ... New York City
7 Bessie Osborn, ... Newark, New Jersey
4 Janet Campbell Stephenson, ... Monterey, Virginia
8 Gretta Adriance Storm, ... East Orange, New Jersey
5 Mary Houston Turk, ... Staunton, Virginia
Grace Fleet Vest, ... Ashland, Virginia
6 Ella Snyder Van Horn, ... Manila, P. I.
11 Mary Humphreys Weisiger, ... University of Virginia
10 Josephine Underwood Woods, ... Tsing King Pu, China



Delta Delta Sigma

Organized 1901.

MOTTO:

It was to be, it is, and ever will be.

COLORS:

Blue and Gray.

FLOWER:

Forget-me-not.

5 Bonnie Juanita Dulaney, ... Texas
3 Marie Elizabeth Keller, ... Ohio
6 Annie Blake Cleveland, ... Texas
1 Florine Hettrick, ... Illinois
2 Ruby Munger, ... Alabama
7 Helen Spain, ... Georgia
4 Margaret Ashworth, ... Virginia
Phyllis Davenport Hare, ... Minnesota
Edna Lorena Kerr, ... Ohio

T
Z A
Θέμις

Zeta Tau Alpha

Zeta Chapter.

FLOWER:

White Violet.

COLORS:

Turquoise blue and steel grey.

MEMBERS.

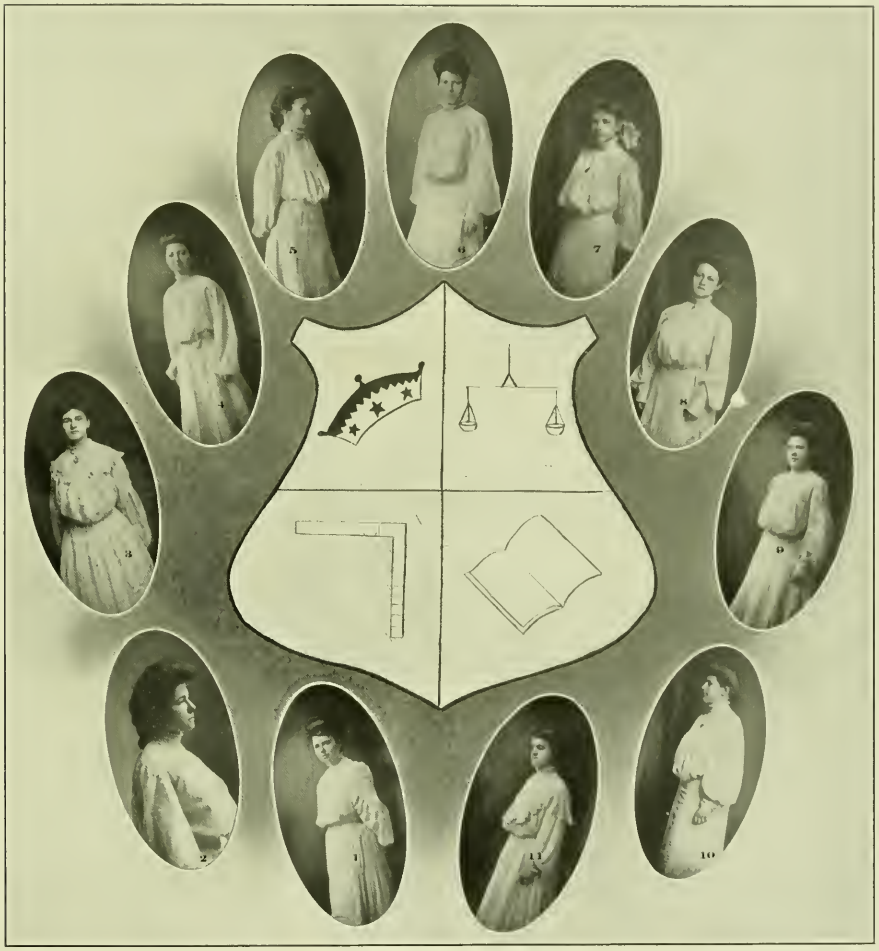
2 Fannie Heiberger, ... Washington, D. C.
8 Anna Rose Cohn, ... Norfolk, Va.
9 Margaret McConnell, ... Patterson, N. J.
11 Nelle Thomason, ... Anniston, Ala.
6 Bertie Chunn Gold, ... Delaplane, Va.
1 Edith Goddard Winship, ... Washington, D C.
10 Elizabeth Stuart Wetmore, ... Cleveland, Ohio
5 Margaret Ellen Moore, ... Cleveland, Ohio
3 Mollie Claire Doyle, ... Trenton, N. J.

PLEDGES.

4 Laura Williams, ... Fairmont, W. Va.
7 Emily Illingworth, ... Newark, N. J.

CHAPTERS.

State Normal School, ... Farmville, Va.
Randolph-Macon Woman's College, ... Lynchburg, Va.



Beta Sigma Omicron

Iota Chapter.

[Organized in Columbia, Missouri, in 1888.]

MEMBERS.

5 Mattie Irvin Penn, ... Reidsville, North Carolina
9 Lena M. Kelly, ... Chicago, Illinois
2 Susie Lee McElroy, ... Columbus, Georgia
3 Sue L. Smith, ... Richmond, Kentucky
8 Nelle G. Smith, ... Sweet Springs, Missouri
1 Lucy D. Penn, ... Reidsville North Carolina
Ethel W. Huff, '04, ... Washington, D. C.
10 Claude C. Coleman, ... San Antonio, Texas
4 Kathryn C. Rison, ... Danville, Virginia
7 Lucy N. Dougherty, ... Gainsville, Texas
6 Gertrude H. Holliday, ... Wheeling, West Virginia
Virginia Goss, '04, ... Nevada, Missouri

W.I.

Sigma Iota

MOTTO:

Sola Mobilitas Virtus.

COLORS:

Green and White.

FLOWER:

Lily of the Valley.

Alpha Chapter, Glen Ridge, New Jersey.

Lucy Bristol,
Ruth Dayton,
Josephine Ryan,
Naomi Rudd,
Dorothy Tyson,
Madeline Wright,
Mabel Reddall.

Beta Chapter.

Ruth Bradley, Alabama,
Myrtel Sebrell, Virginia,
Anite Dumars, New Jersey.
Julia Wright, Virginia.

BKA

Beta Kappa Alpha

MOTTO:

Live while you live, for you will be a long time dead.

COLORS:

Turquoise Blue and Black.

FLOWER:

Forget-me-not.

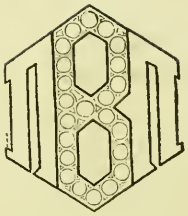
Page Stone, Martinsville, Va.

Elsie Hammer, Pittsburg, Pa.

Grace Graham, Greenville, S. C.

Emma Molloham, Charleston, W. Va.

Ada Graham, Greenville, S. C.



Pi Beta Pi

MOTTO:
Saus Souci.

FLOWER	COLOR:	STONE:
Pink Roses.	Pink and Grey.	Pearl.

1 Catherine T. Kitchell . . . . . Henderson, Ky.
2 P. Genevieve Lee . . . . . Sutton, W. Va.
3 Eugenia B. Hubbard, ... Poris, Texas
4 Dora A. Lee, ... Kansas City, Mo.
5 Mabelle E. Kelley, ... Austin, Texas
6 S. Marie Snyder, ... Chillicothe, Ohio

ΔΤΣ

Delta Tau Sigma

COLORS:

Gold and Black.

FLOWER:

Black-Eyed Susan

5	Harriet Houston,	Pennsylvania
2	Bertha Beazell,	Pennsylvania
	Margaretta Woods,	Pennsylvania
1	Mildred Ruddell,	West Virginia
6	Rosa Lea Dulaney,	Virginia
3	Pauline Fraley,	Virginia
	Corinna Moorman,	Virginia
	Minnie Gannaway,	Virginia
4	Mary Carpenter,	Virginia

ΑΣΑ

Alpha Sigma Alpha

DELTA CHAPTER.

(Organized Farmville, Va., 1901.)

FLOWER:
White Carnation.

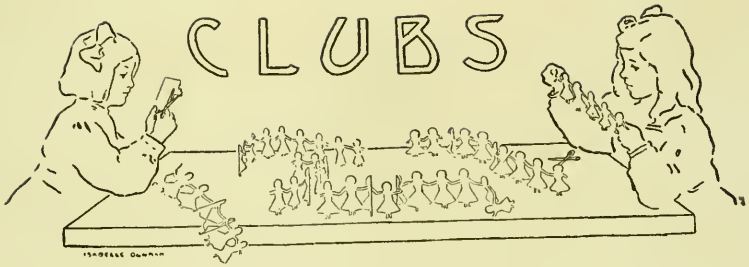
COLORS:
Crimson and Silver.

MEMBERS.

1 Julia Fulton Williams, ... Mississippi
2 Elizabeth Payne Grimes, ... Kentucky
3 Margaret Elizabeth Cunningham, ... Mississippi
4 Mary Rose Finn, ... Kentucky
5 Caroline Matilda Clay, ... Georgia

CHAPTERS.

Alpha Chapter, State Normal School, ... Farmville, Va.
Beta Chapter, Lewisburg Female Seminary, ... Lewisburg, W. Va.
Gamma Chapter, College for Women, ... Columbia, S. C.
Delta Chapter, Mary Baldwin Seminary, ... Staunton, Va.
Epsilon Chapter, Fauquier Female Institute, ... Warrenton, Va.


CLUBS

COD

C. O. D.

COLOR: Red.

FLOWER: Carnation.

Rosa Munger, ... President.

MEMBERS.

Virginia Carrington, Margaret Johns, Sarah Hazlett,
Mary Hazlett, Lulie Johnston,
Ruby Munger, Bessie Osborn, Janet Stephenson,
Gretta Storm, Rosa Munger,
Mary Houston Turk, Ella Van Horn, Mary Weisiger.

ZTZ
L.N.D

Z. T. Z.

MOTTO:

Do unto others, for they'd like to do you, but do them first.

COLORS:

White and Black.

FLOWER:

American Beauty.

OFFICERS.

Lucie Newsome Dougherty, ... President
Laura Williams, ... Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS.

1 Margaret Ashworth, ... Bristol, Va.
2 Marie Ellis Bowles, ... Staunton, Va.
3 Claude Cecilia Coleman, ... San Antonio, Texas
4 Marguerite Koran Coleman, ... San Antonio, Texas
5 Lucie Newsome Dougherty, ... Gainesville, Texas
6 Florence Hall, ... El Paso, Texas
7 Margaret Chadwick Heck, ... Raleigh, N. C.
8 Lulie Augusta Johnston, ... Norfolk, Va.
9 Ruby Munger, ... Birmingham, Ala.
10 Winifred Harris Morris, ... Dover, Del.
11 Helen Spain, ... Quitman, Ga.
12 Laura Williams, ... Fairmont, W. Va.

COLOR:
Black and Gold.

FLOWER:
Chinese Lily.

T. H. J.

MOTTO:

"Too light for heavy work, and too heavy for light work.

COLORS: Crimson and Gold.

FLOWER: White Violet.

OFFICERS.

President, ... Jessie G. Apperson
Secretary, ... Mary L. Donohoe
Treasurer, ... Lucy K. Dunnington

MEMBERS.

6 Louise D. Shields, ... Virginia
8 Ruby L. Dawley, ... Ohio
3 Jean McD. Dunnington, ... Virginia
7 Martha D. Spotswood, ... Virginia
5 Mary L. Donohoe, ... Virginia
2 Lucie K. Dunnington, ... Virginia
1 Hilda M. White, ... Ohio
4 Jessie G. Apperson, ... Virginia

Owl Club

COLORS:

Grey and White.

FLOWER:

Moon Flower.

PASSWORD.

"Up all night."

MEMBERS.

"Jane" Stephenson,
"Little Josie" Woods,
"Turkey,"
"Miss Rose" Munger,
"Bethy" Osborn.

Rosa Munger, ... President
Mary Houston Turk, ... Secretary and Treasurer

Janet Stephenson,
Susie Lee McElroy,
Sue Smith,
Claude Coleman,
Mary Weisiger,
Mary Turk,
Sarah Hazlett,
Mary Hazlett,
Gretta Storm,
Nelle Thomason,
Bertie Gold,
Gertrude Holliday,
Fannie Heiberger.
Lena Kelley,
Ethel Haynes,
Elizabeth Wetmore,
Mattie Irvin Penn,
Lucy Penn,
Lucy Dougherty,
Ethel Huff,
Bessie Osborn,

Margaret Ashworth,
Helen Spain,
Margaret Heck,
Winifred Morris.
Virginia Goss,
Emily Illingworth,
Adelaide Nix,
Eleanor Kilpatrick,
Margaret Moore,
Laura Cochran,
Ella Van Horn,
Grace Vest,
Florence Hall,
Lulie Johnston,
Rosa Munger,
Ruby Munger,
Helen Van Cleve,
Virginia Carrington,
Nelle Smith,
Laura Williams,
Kathryne Rison.

SOPRANOS.

Jessie Apperson,
Eleanor Bowers,
Kittie Burnett.
Marian Clark,
Caroline Clay,
Hortie Coiner,
Thalia Gillett,
Grace Graham,
Bertie Gold,
Florence Hall,
Kate Heard,
Marie Keller,
Dora Lee,
Mabel Mackoy,
Blanche Maxwell,
Nelle Smith,
Annie Savage,
Janet Stephenson,
Annie Thom,
Julia Wright,
Hilda White,
Helen Van Cleve,

Mabel Yakel

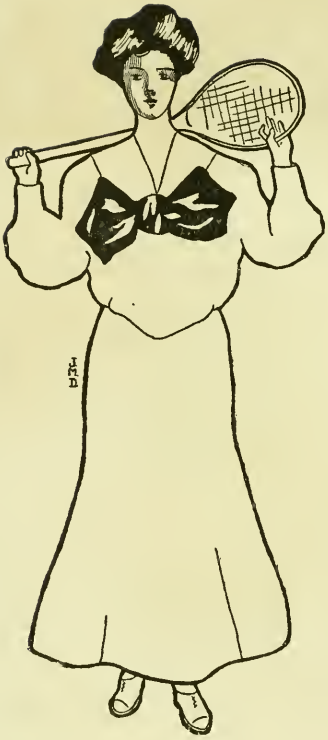
ALTOS.

Bertha Beazell,
Margaret Cunningham,
Susanne Jackels,
Hortense Loeb,
Alice Jeffries Moore,
Mattie Irvin Penn,
Lucy Penn,
Kathryne Rison,
Mildred Ruddell,
Nelle Schwartz,
Page Stone,
Rosalie Wholey,

Mrs. Hutcheson.

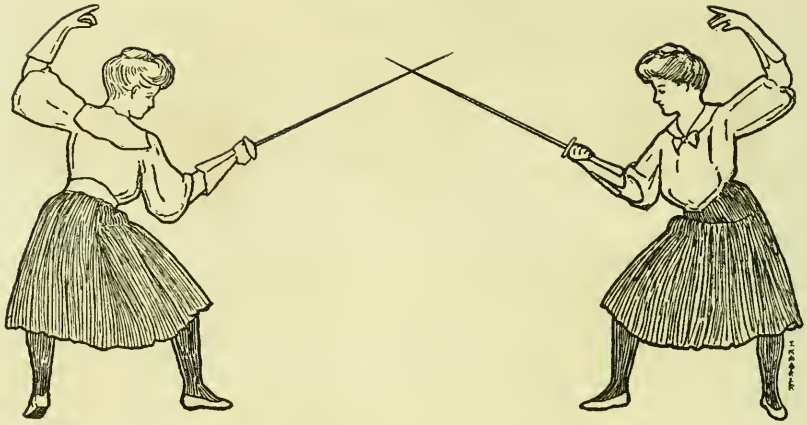
Accompanist, ... Miss Rosa Munger

Tennis Club.



Sue Smith,
Fannie Heiberger,
Bessie Osborn
Mattie Irvin Penn,
Lucy Penn,
Mary Turk,
Rosa Munger,
Bertie Gold,
Claude Coleman,
Margaret Moore,
Nelle Smith,
Lucy Dougherty,
Lena Kelly
Gretta Storm,
Nelle Thomason,
Elizabeth Wetmore,
Louise Shields,
Elsie Moffett,
Ethel Haynes,
Laura Williams,
Sarah Hazlett,
Mary Hazlett,
Emily Illingworth,
Mary Weisiger,
Kathryne Rison,
Lulie Johnston,
Ada Graham,
Grace Graham,
Emma Mollohan,
Ruby Munger,
Bonnie Dulaney,
Marie Keller,
Elizabeth Grimes,
Margaret McConnell,
Gertrude Holliday,
Susie Lee McElroy.

Laura Williams,
Susie Lee McElroy,
Sue Smith,
Lena Kelley,
Lucy Dougherty,
Nelle Smith,
Gertrude Holliday,
Mary Hazlett,
Sarah Hazlett,
Bertie Gold,
Eugenia Hubbard,
Mary Rose Finn,
Elizabeth Grimes,
Florence Hall,
Lucy Penn,
Mattie Irvine Penn,
Kathryne Rison,
Claude Coleman,
Rosa Munger,
Ruby Munger,
Mary Turk,
Janet Stephenson,
Gretta Storm,
Virginia Carrington,
Mary Weisiger,
Fannie Heiberger,
Nelle Thomason,
Elizabeth Wetmore,
Emily Illingworth,
Marie Keller,
Bonnie Dulaney,
Marguerite Jackels,
Susanne Jackels,
Genevieve Lee,
Kate Kitchell,
Margaret Heck,
Winifred Morris,
Bessie Osborn,
Lulie Johnston,
Annie Blake Cleveland.



Fencing Class

Miss Sarah Greenleaf Frost, ... Instructor

Bessie Osborn,
Mary Houston Turk,
Mollie Doyle,
Lena Kelly.

Y. W. C. A.

"Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts,"

OFFICERS.

Elizabeth M. Sherrard, ... President
Mary L. Crane, ... Vice-President
Mary H. Turk, ... Treasurer
Josephine U. Woods, ... Secretary

The work of the Y. W. C. A. has been most encouraging this year. The membership has increased to 130. The meetings have been full of interest and spirituality, and have been largely attended.

Two prayer circles were organized in March and have been kept up for the remainder of the year.

Large pledges to the American and State Committees have been redeemed—even though recourse had to be had to street fairs and strawberry suppers as of yore.

The Y. W. C. A. was represented at the Ashville convention last summer by a delegation of six. The Association will send its two delegates again this summer, and we are hoping that many more will go on their own account. The mission study class has enjoyed a course on the work of women missionaries this session, and Miss Riddle's Missionary Society has had its regular monthly meetings with the average attendance.

The Alumnæ Association

Organized to promote good fellowship and renewed loyalty to Alma Mater, this body has accomplished during the eleven years of its existence a few noticeable deeds. In the chapel is the memorial window to our revered Miss Baldwin. The rolls of the school have for four years borne the name of a day pupil, whose expenses not wholly covered by the alumnæ scholarship, are defrayed from the investment of five hundred dollars by the Association. And to the dear old seminary are coming the children's children of the second generation, their footsteps climbing higher on learing's hill, tho' their hearts are no more loving than their predecessors and exemplars were and still are.

This year the annual meeting will be held in September instead of May, hoping a larger re-union may be secured.

The initiation fee is one dollar, the annual dues thereafter are only fifty cents. The following are the officers for 1904-1906:

President, ... Mrs. Sallie Spears-Hicks, Wilmington, N. C.
Recording Secretary, ... Mrs. Jennie McCue-Marshall
Corresponding Secretary, ... Miss Margeret B. McChesney
Treasurer, ... Miss Janet K. Woods, Staunton, Va.

VICE-PRESIDENTS.

Alabama, Mrs. Clara McCaws-Sims; California, Mrs. Ida Jordan-Brown; N. Carolina, Miss Mildred C. Watkins; S. Carolina, Mrs. Eva Baker-Irvine, Mrs. Hortense Solomons-Cohen; District of Columbia, Miss M. Ella Moore; Florida, Mrs. Margaret Morton LeFils; Georgia, Mrs. Emma Inman-Bell, Mrs. Passie McCabe-Ottley; Illinois, Mrs. Linda McClure-Case; Kentucky, Miss Flora Firor, Miss Mary Smallhouse; Maryland, Miss Helen Mar Bridges; Missouri, Mrs. Grace Kemper-Tole; Mississippi, Mrs. Sadie Van Lear-Cowan; Nebraska, Mrs. Mary Walter-McAllister; New York, Mrs. Kate Johnston-Bastianelli; Ohio, Mrs. Nellie Thomas-Summers; Pennsylvania, Miss Nina Ravenscroft; Tennessee, Mrs. Mary Andes-Dooley; Texas, Mrs. Birdie Keeran-Coleman, Mrs. Musette Newson-Ketcham; West Virginia, Mrs. Keightly Timberlake-Wilson, Miss Hessye Melvin; Virginia, Mrs. Lucy Baily-Heneberger, Mrs. Fannie Smith-Effinger, Mrs. Nellie Hotchkiss-McCullough, Mrs. Marie Abert-Carey; Of the Missionaries, Miss Janet Houston.

M. B. S. Headlights.

FLOWER: Tiger Lily.

COLORS: Crimson and Gold.

MEMBERS.

Jennie Thorn, ... Kentucky
Amanda Offutt, ... Kentucky
Margaret Handy, ... Delaware
Sallie Stout, ... Virginia
Bessie Sherrard, ... Virginia
Elizabeth Hedrick, ... North Carolina
Marie Bowles, ... Virginia
Hettie Ruff, ... Virginia
Bessie Boes, ... Virginia
Kate Heard, ... Texas
Helen Spain, ... Georgia

MOTTO—"We are a light unto ourselves."

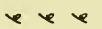
PATRON SAINT—W. W. King.

OBJECT OF SOCIETY—To lighten and brighten this dark world.

MASCOT—White Horse.

Limericks.

We know you all dote on a poet,
We've got 'em, though few of you know it.
The following rimes
We've collected betimes
From people who really don't show it.



There is a young lady named Jean
Who truly is slim as a bean,
Her figure is neat
And her face very sweet
And she always looks tidy and clean.

There is a young lady called May
Who out on the porch likes to stay
After dark—if she can
Be along with a man,
But that's only just her little way.

O poor little, dear little Nelle!
We are really quite horrid to tell
That Miss W—— said,
When she Mendelssohn played,
She was training her four fingers well.

A holiday's now in due season;
Now, really, we can't see the reason,
Since the sinners have gone
And spring has come on
We shouldn't rest up for a season.

March 10.

Do look at our faithful Ruth Bradley,
She does need a holiday sadly,
For in study hall, even
At quarter to seven,
You'll find her there studying madly.

That very young person Manono,
Does she work in study hall? Oh, no!
She fidgets and wiggles,
She twists and she wriggles,
And next day what becomes of Manono?

There is a young lady called Janet
Who circles round Rose like a planet,
It's easily seen
Claude's eyes are quite green,
So look out for your head, little Janet!

Here's a message—I own it is tardy—
No more people must "case" on Miss Hardy,
For Edith has said
That she'll fracture the head
Of one who "butts in" on her party.

Oh! every one loves our sweet Rose,
From the top of her head to her toes,
She hasn't a thorn
To prick people on
And her music make friends of her foes.

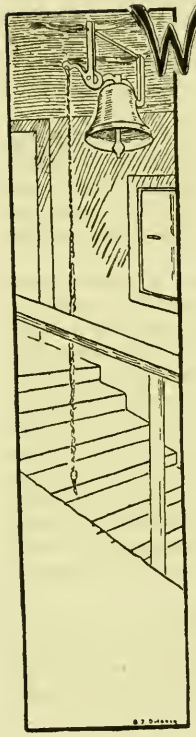
Just think of our little Louise
Who is always so willing to please;
What a person to choose
To get in those old Dues,
Where she just has to tease, tease and tease!

Miss Mattoon in chapel one day
Remarked in her humorous way:
"Why, Olive draws eyes
As honey draws flies;
From her I can't keep girls away."

There was a young lady named Finn,
Who attempted to learn how to swim,
But—perhaps 'twas her weight—
She cracked her poor pate
On that hard-bottomed pool in the gym.

The Montana young lady was fair,
She struck her head out for some air;
But the shutter blew to,
So she gave up the view,
And sat down, with a thump, in her chair.

A Baldwin Girl's Diary



WEDNESDAY, Sept, 8th.—Well here I am back at Baldwin's! The twenty-fourth of last May I said I would never, never come back here again. But how can a girl expect to go to a New York school when her mother graduated at Baldwin's, and thinks it is "the only thing that ever happened?"

I have fixed my room up real cute, but I have a horrid room-mate. I really ought not to call her horrid, because I have only seen her five minutes, but she is a blonde, and I always did detest blondes. Guess I shall have to make the best of it though. I must go now and see what I shall have to study; five hundred things, I reckon.

Friday, Sept. 10th.—I have been working like a dog for two days, trying to get started in all of my classes. I only have six studies. How could any not over-bright girl of sixteen be expected to average ninety-five on six studies. "I see my finish." I shall not get a golden report this year.

Sunday, Sept. 19th—I did not have time to write any yesterday. My room-mate, Melissa, asked me to help her fix up her things, and that kept us busy all day. I like her better than I thought I should.

I have been to church twice to-day, and am so dead tired and homesick I can hardly wiggle. A lot of new girls have come in. There goes that old light bell! I had a good book to read to-night; now I shall have to wait until next Sunday.

Wednesday, Sept. 15th. — I have had more trouble to-day than I have had for a year. In the first place I laughed too loud at the table, a failing of

mine, and had my place changed. I am at the worst table in the dining room now. I will not say whose it is. But worst of all, I forgot to take my French book to class, and have to go to office for two hours Saturday, and get ten demerits. I had made up my mind to stay out of office until Christmas any way, and here I have to go the second Saturday. There is the walking bell; and I have not dressed. Walking in line is the worst punishment that could be inflicted on any poor mortal. I crave to go walking "all by my lonesome" just once.

Friday. Sept. 17th.—I could cry for a solid week, without stopping. Think of having to go to office for another hour just because I went to sleep and did not hear the walking bell. The first thing I heard was: "Polly, what on earth do you mean by skipping walking?" I jumped up, but it was too late. O dear! I always am too late. I shall be too late for supper if I don't hurry.

Saturday, Sept. 18th.—In office.—In luck for once! I already knew the piece of poetry Miss A. gave me to learn, so I waited an hour and then recited it to her. She complimented me on my power of learning poetry rapidly. How blind she is! If she knew that I was writing she would fall over in a dead faint. She told me to spend these two hours in thinking over my sins. If I were to think five minutes about going to sleep and not hearing that bell I should be so mad I'm afraid I should do something mean, sure enough. I had to stop writing just now. I saw that Miss A. was watching me and directly she said: "Polly, what are you doing?" I told her that I was thinking. Indeed, I think it is hardly necessary to write down your thoughts. I have never heard any of them yet that I considered worth recording." Did I feel squelched? Not a bit of it. I "crave" to go to my room. I believe I'll ask her if I can and get another squelching.

Tuesday, Sept. 21st.—I have three horrid paragraphs to write and haven't an idea how to begin. Sometimes I think I'll turn to a paragraph. Don't I look like one? One of those three-minute ones, marked "Poor," like the one I got back to-day. Here comes some one; I must be at work.

Friday, Sept. 24th.—I got in trouble again yesterday; was giving my opinion of one of the new teachers and she heard me. I'm sure she will send me to office, but I can't help what I said. I can't stand her. O dear me! does any one on earth have as many troubles as I have? Here comes Melissa; I'm crazy about her. I'm going to see if she will skip walking with me, and we will stay up here and toast marshmellows. I'm dead tired being good and I'm going to stop trying this very minute.

Louise Lecky.

The Light-House

Far out in the sea I stand,
Out on a narrow strip of land,
On a rocky shore so gloomy and drear;
For long, long years have I stood here;
I am the old light-house.

I am here but for to lead me
The ship-wrecked boats on a stormy sea;
If they had not me here to guide,
Always watching whate'er betide,
I know not where they'd be.

The wind and the waves my companions are,
And perhaps a gull, that screams afar
O'er the blue waters of the sea
May closer come to look at me
With greatest curiosity.

The keeper tends me in the day
So that at night my helpful ray
Will shine the brighter, o'er the ocean;
He cares for me with deep devotion
And helps me lead the way.

And thus shine I from year to year,
Saving sea wanderers far and nera,
Oh! would that men might as helpful be
And save some lives from the treacherous sea
Of life, as faithfully!

Winifred Morris.

GRINGS

Grinds.

"I shall be as secret as the grave."—Fannie Runyon.

"I am resolved to grow fat and look young till forty."—Elizabeth Wetmore.

"And al was conscience and tendre herte."—Margaret Fraser.

"And blessings on the falling out
That all the more endures."—Bonnie and Olive.

"And torture one poor word ten thousand ways."—Kathryne Rison.

"The one thing finished in this hasty world."—History Lesson.

"What! are the ladies of your land so tall?"—Josephine Blair.

"A dog rose blushin' to a brook
Ain't modester nor sweeter."—Ethel Huff.

"Too late I find
Nothing can her fancy fix."—Lucy Dougherty.

"Sober, steadfast, and demure."—Mada McCutcheon.

"All that I dread is leaving you behind."—Claude to Rose.

"Few and precious are the words which the lips of wisdom utter."—Sallie Stout.

"But far more numerous was the herd of such
Who think too little, but who talk too much."—[Hits most anywhere.]

"Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the town."—Emma Mollohan.

"Some to church repair
Not for the doctrine, but the music (?) there."—M. B. S. Girls

"The kindest man,
The best-conditioned and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies."—Mr. King.

"Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those."—Evelyn Loewy.

"Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend."—Mary Turk.

"Two lovely berries moulded on one stem."—The Hazletts.

"Not a word, not one to throw at a dog."—Hattie Arnold.

"Knowledge is of two kinds: we know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it."—History Class.

"Happy am I; from care I'm free!
Why aren't they all contented like me?"—Olive Timberlake.

"When I was a child, I spake as a child, I thought as a child, and I still retain my childish ways."—Marie Keller.

"Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn."—Helen Spain,

"If thou shouldst think less of thyself and all thy ways, thyself would the more commended be."—Eugenia Hubbard.

"I never knew so young a lady with so old a head."—Susie Jackson.

"Is there no respect of place, person or time in you?"—Bessie Simms.

"My faults I will not change for the best of her jewels."—Jessie Apperson.

"Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice, stole in and out."—Nelle Smith.

"Affianced, Sir? Love whispers may not breathe
Within this vestal limit."—Long Room.

"A masterpiece of poster art."—Mildred Weigel.

"Her eyes like stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight, too, her dusky hair."—Florine Hettrick.

"She ain't like other mortals, that's a fact."—Eva Larabie.

"An' her jes' keepin' on the same,
Calmer 'n a clock, an' never carin',
An' findin' nary thing to blame,
Is wus than if she took to swearin'."—Louise Sloss.

"Makes use of every friend and every foe."—Mary Ellen Warwick.

"How can the less the greater comprehend?"—Psychology Class.

"I'll speak in a monstrous little voice."—Bessie Trough.

"All we ask is to be let alone."—Kate Heard.

"The remedy is worse than the disease."—The Infirmary.

"As merry as the day is long."—Thalia Gillette.

"Let the world slide, let the world go!
A fig for care, and a fig for woe!"—Ruby Munger.

"For my voice, I have lost it with halloing and singing anthems."—Page Stone.

"Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle."—Ethel Haynes.

"There was never yet philosopher that could endure the toothache patiently."—Louise Shields.

"Don't put too fine a point to your wit for fear it should get blunted."—Eleanor Kilpatrick.

"Dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition?"—Rossie Neal.

"Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast."—Mary Boyd Ayer.

"Done to death by slanderous tongues."—The Editors.

"She draweth out the thread of her verbosity finer than the staple of her argument."—Emily Gilkeson.

"You shall never take her without her answer unless you take her without her tongue."—Lulie Johnson.

"On thee she calls, on thee, her parent dear!
Ah! too remote."—Polly.

"Oh, that those lips had language!"—Edna Umbach.

"Her fingers shame the ivory keys
They dance so light along."—Mattie Irvin Penn

Wisdom for the Unwary.

Long experience at this institution and deep sympathy for the innocents who are to follow in her footsteps has led a young woman to draw up, after due consideration, the following suggestions for their guidance, only requesting that each succeeding generation do all in its power to secure their transmission to the next:

I.

Never mind the ten o'clock bell. It is rung only to amuse Mr. Johnson.

II.

An early start for breakfast is unnecessary; a sprint down the covered-way has often proven an appetizer.

III.

A kimona or dressing sacque will be found useful and appropriate attire for almost any occasion.

IV.

Sheer sociability makes it necessary for you to call upon your neighbor between two and four P. M.

V.

An "engaged" sign means that the occupant of the room is lonesome; if the door is locked, it may be pounded in.

VI.

If you are in need of money, hatpins or handkerchiefs, call on your nearest neighbor; she keeps them to lend.

VII.

Your clothes are for your friends, and if they do not fit all the M. B. S. it becomes your duty to have them altered.

VIII.

If you are troubled with insomnia, wake your room-mate; it may cause her to forget her troubles.

IX.

If you desire a social introduction, do not fail to attend Miss Lambert's Sunday house parties. Season tickets from Dr. H. for $5.00.

X.

Pin cushions are not used here—that is, not the usual kind; each girl makes of herself a human pin cushion.

Calendar, 1904-05.

SEPTEMBER.

8th—School opens.

16th—Y. W. C. A. reception to new girls.

OCTOBER.

1st—Musicale by Miss Topping, Miss Gleitsmann, Miss Parsons and Miss Frost.

4th—Miss Baldwin's Birthday. Various games and picnics.

14th—Recital by Miss Topping, assisted by Miss Parsons and Miss Frost, at Y. M. C. A.

22nd—Literary Society meeting. Subject: "Sidney Lanier."

27th—During one hundredth anniversary of the Presbyterian church entertainment in chapel.

31st—Lecture by Polk Miller.

NOVEMBER.

12th—Literary Society program on "Southern Stories."

24th—Thanksgiving.

DECEMBER.

9th—Entertainment in chapel for the benefit of the King's Daughters' Hospital.

23rd—Christmas holidays begin.

29th—Reception in Church Parlors to girls remaining at the Seminary.

31st—Mr. and Mrs. King's reception at "The Kalorama."

JANUARY.

8rd—School reopens.

14th—Entertainment given by Miss Marchand for the benefit of the Annual.

19th—Celebration of Lee-Jackson anniversary.

27th—Professor Hamer's piano recital.
28th—Annual business meeting of Literary Society.

FEBRUARY.

3rd—Musicale and Dramatic Recital for the benefit of the King's Daughters' Hospital.
11th—Literary Society meeting. Subject: "James Whitcomb Riley."

MARCH.

3rd—Recital by the blind pupils of the Virginla School for the Deaf and Blind.
4th—Literary Society meeting. Subject—"Nonsense Poetry."
10th—An Evening in Old Japan, by Miss Frost's pupils.
18th—Evening on John Ruskin by literary societv.
22nd—Opening of the "opera house" at Beverley Theatre. Rip Van Winkle presented by Thomas Jefferson.
23rd—Holiday at last! Band concert.
24th—Song Recital by Miss Parsons' pupils.
31st—Piano recital by pupils of Miss Topping and Miss Gleitsmann.

APRIL.

1st—Supper for benefit of the Annual.
7th—Piano recital by pupils of Professor Eisenburg.
8th—Evening on William Morris—Literary Society.
14th—Holiday.
22nd—Shakespeare program—Literary Society.

MAY.

19th—Graduates concert.
20th—Art Exhibition.
21st—Baccalaureate Sermon by Rev. James Young Fair, D. D., Savannah, Georgia.
22nd—Concert.
23rd—Awarding of Honors and Diplomas. Address to graduates by Dr. William Spenser Currell, A. M., Ph. D., Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Virginia.

Answers to Our Correspondents

Such inquiries as are of general interest to our readers will be answered in this column. If a postage stamp is inclosed, with full address, a sealed reply will be sent.

L. J.—Turkeys are delicate fowls, and should be jealously guarded. They droop and sicken under much handling.

S. Smith.—On receipt of 50 cts. and postage we will mail you a pocket dictionary of convenient size.

L. P.—You should try to keep cheerful; the worst history lesson is yet to come. The best society avoids superlatives.

A. W. & S. M.—When you go away for the night it is common courtesy to return before breakfast.

E. F.—Your complaint is rather unusual. We advise that the lips be kept closed as with that precaution there will be little danger of hot air germs.

Miss S.—Please label your book shelves. M. I. P. has forgotten where the Encyclopedia of Universal Knowledge belongs.

S. S.—"Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise." Brain foods are generally frauds.

S. D . . . ty.—No, it is not considered "the thing" to recline on Marie's shoulder during recitation hour. "People who love in glass houses should pull down the blinds."

P. F.—We advise you to advertise in a daily newspaper. It will be more satisfactory. School annuals rarely handle personal ads.

Rolls

I wandered in a nightmare black,
  My feet kept slipping into holes,
When all at once I saw a stack,
  A heap of puffy Baldwin rolls;
Beside the ham, the syrup by,
Beside the mince-and-brandy pie.

Continuous as the girls that sit
  In study hall at close of day,
They stretched—I could but think of it—
  Across the room and far away;
Two thousand saw I at the least,
Ready as for a Baldwin feast.

The gas above them blinked, but they
  Outdid the Staunton gas in lightness.
I gazed, and felt my heart grow gay
  To see them in their brown-and-whiteness,
When hark! an awesome voice I hear:
"These are the rolls you'll eat next year!"

Now oft as to my inward eye
  Returns the vision—sore I rue it—
I heave a deep discouraged sigh,
  And groan, "How can I ever do it?"
Then summon patience to my soul,
And once more munch my Baldwin roll.

Z.

Humorous

FACTS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

That the Danube is the principal river of South America.
Marcie B.

That the human body is one of the Seven Wonders of the World.
Emily I.

That Joseph was found in the bulrushes. That Shakespeare wrote "Tempest and Sunshine." Pauline F.

That the school of poetry to which Dr. Johnson belonged was called i. e. Kathryne.

Miss R.—"Now, Helen, give us the Phœnix Park murder."
Helen S.—"Well—er—Phœnix Park—who was he? He was an Egyptian."

Edith would like to know where macaroni grows.

SLIPS OF TONGUE OR PEN.

Mary W.—"She certainly is a poor diluted creature."

Gertrude H.—"In the coffee houses they met and disgusted politics."

Mary D.—"Our exam. comes on the eighteenth;" (turning to the calendar) "what day of the month is that?"

Emily I.—Meaning to say, "No two men have faces alike; "No man has two faces alike."

Mildred R. writes "Jen Jonson."

Ethel H.—"Paradise Lost . . . . . the one great English Epoch."

In Chemistry Class.—"Carbon is found in nature in the form of lumbago."

HUMORS OF SIGHT READING.

Corinna.—"The swan responsive as the milk-maid sung."

Mildred W.—"The besiegers in a picnic (panic!) evacuated the fort."

V. B.—"For further information we would refer the student to anointed editions of Chaucer."

HARD ON THE TEACHER.

Florence H. was telling how to apply the principles of explanation to class recitation. She wrote: "When you recite, you must remember that you are talking to a person that is utterly ignorant of your subject."

Miss Hull remarked that curly-haired people have most sense, whereupon Marie innocently inquired: "Miss Hull, do you use curling irons?"

J. T.—"Nell, how do you spell Romulus?" Nell (coming back to earth with a start), "What are they?"

From "The Agora" we copy the following: Sentiments of a member of the beginning Latin class:

"All the people dead who wrote it,
All the people dead who spoke it,
All the people die who learn it.
Blessed death! they surely earn it."

Word From Old Girls

Nora Fraser attended Cornell University last summer.

Marie Ramsey visited friends in Louisville, Kentucky, this summer.

Virginia Brooke is studying music at the Washington College of music.

Margaret Kable visited Lola Kerr in Dayton, Ohio, at Christmas.

Cornelia Morgan is doing mission work at her home Springfield, Missouri.

Miss Meetze is spending the winter in Paris, studying art.

Mrs. A. F. Patton, (Beatrice Chandler), is studying this winter at the University of Chicago.

Some of our debutantes are Ethel Swan, of Louisville, Kentucky; Ann Bell Patteson, of Petersburg, Virginia; Charlotte Miller, of Richmond, Virginia, Elovine Burruss of Wilmington, North Carolina; and Cecelia Woods, of Savannah, Georgia.

Lydia Houston was one of the belles of the Inaugural Ball.

Nan Morgan visited Elizabeth Cook of Princeton, New Jersey, in January.

Janie Williams was here for a few days in the fall, on her way home from the army maneuvers at Manassas.

Hill Carter is teaching in Fishery, Tennessee; Eva McCue in Washington, D. C.; Ella Smith in Woman's College, Richmond, Va.; Lillian Weller in Orange, N. J.

Mrs. West, (Emma Wills,) spent a few days recently with her daughter, Agnes.

Mrs. John Sharp Williams (Bettie Webb,) one of the honored graduates of this school, visited her daughter in March.

Sarah Gwin is studying music at Miss Clay's school in New York; Floyd Mabry, at the Conservatory of Music in Cincinnati; Beulah Baker at Peabody, Baltimore; and Anna Walton, at Highland Conservatory, Cincinnati.

Marie Brunson and Bessie White, are at Gunston Institute, Washington.

Edith Seymour visited Nell White, in Savannah, Georgia.

Laura Cochran and Adelaide Nix, are at Miss Graham's school in New York.

Fanny Royster visited Cecilia Woods in Savannah, Georgia.

Annie Scott is studying art with Miss Catharine Critcher, in Paris.

Alice Wenger visited Aleda Tenny in January, in Spartansbrug, S. C.

Some of our visitors have been, Alma Cecil, Belle Bledsoe, Nettie Pratt, Hope Stuart, Fannie Campbell, Minnie Borcheis, Mrs. Gilkeson, (Cora Findley), Willie Stealey, Gertrude Caldwell, Evelyn Chase, Nanola Gillespie, Nettie Mosby and Jessie Funkhauser.

Alumnæ Brides

Mary Woodall to Mr. Dock I. Martin, February 10, 1904, Itasca, Texas.

Lucy Boyd to Mr. Einar Storm Trosdal, May 12, 1904, Oxford, Georgia.

Catharine Tappan Smith to Mr. John Augustine Willis, May 26, 1904.

Elmore Sheldon to Mr. Harford Taland Marshall, August 18, 1903, Cleveland, Ohio.

Ethelynd Bonafield to Mr. Bedford Forrest Hutton, October 12, 1904, Funnelton, West Virginia.

Rebecca Williamson to Mr. Owen Lee Brashear, May 24, 1904, Columbia, Tennessee.

Blanche Adair to Mr. Gordon Baker Nicholson, November 9, 1904, Houston, Texas.

Beryl Hutton to Mr. Judson Floyd Strader, September 6, 1904, Huttonville, West Virginia.

Elizabeth Spear to Mr. Bert J. Thomas, October 19, 1904, Connellsville, Pennsylvania.

Bess Walcott to Mr. Joseph Sutton Kendall, October, 19, 1904, Honey Grove, Texas.

Laura Brown to Mr. William Edwin Cookerly, December 10, 1904, Fort Valley, Georgia.

Janetta Gordon Baker to Mr. George W. Felter, September 6, 1904, Staunton, Virginia.

Eddie Mai Riggins to Mr. William Argyle Burrows, October 11, 1904, Waco, Texas.

Edith Oliver Holbrook to Mr. Rex Brenton Kennedy, October 11, 1904, Quama, Iowa.

Jessie Hamlin Tredway to Dr. James Carstaphen Purnell, Jr., April 16, 1904, Winona, Mississippi.

Carrie Davidson Nix to Mr. Francis St. John Richards, January 14, 1903, New York.

Helen Sheldon to Mr. Charles Adelbert Lyman, September 7, 1904, Madison, Wisconsin.

Marie Louise Rouse to Mr. Stillwell Gore, November 16, 1904, Baltimore, Maryland.

Allie Lee Fox to Mr. Robert Talbott Benton, June 1, 1904, Pine Bluff, Arkansas.

Adelaide Worthington to Mr. John Douglas McQueen, November 22, 1904, Prattsville, Alabama.

Rosa Farrar Watkins to Mr. William Calvin Wells, Jr., December 8, 1904, Jackson, Mississippi.

Jodie Stuart Williams to Dr. Julian Branson Reed, December 21, 1904, Texarkana, Arkansas.

Eloise Rugeley to Mr. Preston D. Tippens, February 8, 1905, Matagorda, Texas.

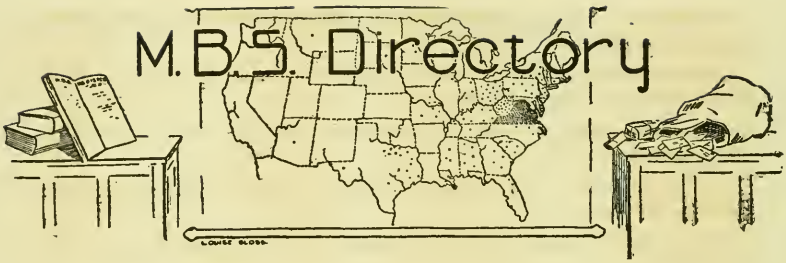
Charlotte Byers McCullock to Mr. William Steenbergen, December 29, 1904, Point Pleasant, West Virginia.

Ora Avanelle Westgate to Mr. Archibald Wilson Anderson, September 21, 1904, Wichita, Kansas.

Adelaide Northington to Mr. McQueen, November 22, 1904, Birmingham, Alabama.

Bess Walcott to Mr. Joseph Sutton Kendall, October 19, 1904, Honey Grove, Texas.

Jeffie Reine Harvey to Mr. Thomas Parks Moore, March 6, 1905, Memphis, Tennessee.



Allen, Jane,	Staunton, Va.
Ashworth, Margaret,	Bristol, Tenn.
Apperson, Jessie,	Lynchbnrg, Va.
Ayer, Mary Boyd,	New Albany, Ind.
Arbogast, Fannie,	Harrisonburg, Va.
Arnold, Hattie,	Clarksburg, W. Va.
Bryan, Mary,	Clarksburg, W. Va.
Bell, Sarah,	Staunton, Va.
Bell, Elizabeth,	Staunton, Va.
Bowles, Marie,	Staunton, Va.
Bell, Martha,	Richlands, Va.
Bauknight, Leila,	Archer, Fla.
Bowles, Bertha,	Millwood, Va.
Bowers, Eleanor,	Martinsburg, W. Va.
Barkman, Elizabeth,	Staunton, Va.
Beazell, Mamie,	Pittsburg, Pa.
Bradford, Viola,	New York City, N. Y.
Burns, Arabella,	Mansfield, O.
Blair, Josephine,	Wichita Falls, Tex.
Burnett, Katie,	Staunton, Va.
Blair, Naomi,	Churchville, Va.
Bell, Katherine,	Staunton, Va.
Brooks, Elizabeth,	Staunton, Va.
Bradley, Ruth,	Abbeville, Ala.
Bucknor, Nellie,	Chicago, Ill.
Boes, Bessie,	Clifton Forge, Va.
Crawford, Estelle,	Staunton, Va.
Coiner, Hattie,	Waynesboro, Va.
Cohn, Anna Rose,	Norfolk, Va.
Crane, Mary,	Exeter, Mo.
Collins, Leila,	Staunton, Va.
Crofoot, Margaret,	Aberdeen, S. D.
Cleveland, Anna Blake,	Cleburne, Tex.
Clay, Caroline,	Savannah, Ga.
Coleman, Blanche,	St. Louis, Mo.
Coleman, Claude,	San Antonio, Tex.
Cunningham, Margeret,	Yazoo City, Miss.
Chenoweth, Mary,	Indianapolis, Ind.
Carrington, Virginia,	South Boston, Va.
Carpenter, Mary,	Harrisonburg, Va.
Crosby, Virgie,	Staunton, Va.
Connell, Alma,	Staunton, Va.
Clemmer, Julia,	Staunton, Va.
Clemmer, Page,	Staunton, Va.
Dulaney, Bonnie,	Paris, Tex.
Dunnington, Lucie,	Farmville, Va.
Dunnington, Jean,	Charlottesville, Va.
Dougherty, Lucy,	Gainesville, Tex.
Donohoe, Mary,	Fairfax, Va.
Dumars, Anite,	Glen Ridge, N. Y.
Dawley, Rubie,	Cleveland, O.
Dunbar, Isabel,	Monmouth, Ill.

Doyle, Mollie,	Trenton, N. J.
Dulaney, Rosa Lee,	Ruckersville, Va.
Dodge, Helen,	Allenhurst, N. J.
Dixon, Ethel,	Staunton, Va.
Dewar, Allene,	Chicago, Ill.
Eisenberg, Louise,	Staunton, Va.
Eisenberg, Mary Caroline,	Staunton, Va.
Eisenberg, Lillian,	Staunton, Va.
Effinger, Frances,	Staunton, Va.
Echols, Gladys,	Gainesville, Tex.
Eakle, Margaret,	Staunton, Va.
Eubank, Anna Bell,	Staunton, Va.
Easley, Bessie,	South Boston, Va.
Finn, Mary Rose,	Elizabethtown, Ky.
Fulton, Nannie,	Staunton, Va.
Fraley, Pauline,	Culpeper, Va.
Farrow, Eugenia,	Staunton, Va.
Foster, Louise,	Union, S. C.
Green, Fay,	Gregory, Tex.
Gwin, Bell,	Grenada, Miss.
Gold, Bertie,	Delaplane, Va.
Goss, Virginia,	Nevada, Mo.
Gillette, Thalia,	Marfa, Tex.
Gude, Kate,	Richmond, Va.
Gannoway, Minnie,	Lynchburg, Va.
Gilkeson, Laura,	Romney, Va.
Gray, Nellie,	Bowling Green, Ky.
Graham, Ada,	Greenville, S. C.
Graham, Grace,	Greenville, S. C.
Goodloe, Sue,	Big Stone Gap, Va.
Grimes, Elizabeth,	Elizabethtown, Ky.
Gilkeson, Emily,	Parkersburg, W. Va.
Gresham, Virginia,	Staunton, Va.
Grier, Elizabeth,	Kineaid, Va.
Henderson, Maggie,	Staunton, Va.
Henderson, Cleffes	Staunton, Va.
Heiberger, Fannie,	Washington, D. C.
Heard, Kate,	McKinney, Tex.
Heard, Bessie,	McKinney, Tex.
Heard, Nina,	McKinney, Tex.
Houston, Harriet,	Pittsburg, Pa.
Hughes, Janet,	Staunton, Va.
Heck, Margaret,	Raleigh, N. C.
Haynes, Ethel,	Quincey, Fla.
Huff, Ethel,	Washington, D. C.
Howison, Ellen,	Staunton, Va.
Hupman, Lina,	Staunton, Va,
Hood, Cobbie,	Cuthbert, Ga.
Handy, Margaret,	Newark, Del.
Hazlett, Sarah,	Wheeling, W. Va.
Hazlett, Mary,	Wheeling, W. Va.
Hughes, Phillippa,	Paducah, Ky.
Hubbard, Eugenia,	Paris, Tex.
Hall, Florence,	El Paso, Tex.
Harmon, Eloisa,	Staunton, Va.
Hettrick, Florine,	Astoria, Ill.
Hammer, Elsa,	Pittsburg, Pa.
Hedrick, Elizabeth,	Salisbury, N. C.
Hammond, Marie,	Staunton, Va.
Kable, Massie,	Staunton, Va.
Hutcheson, Mrs. Charles,	Staunton, Va.
Hutchinson, Mary,	Staunton, Va.
Hazard, Myra,	Oxford, Ala.
Hare, Phyllis,	St. Paul, Minn.
Havener, Anna,	Washington, D. C.
Illingworth, Emily,	Newark, N. J.
Holliday, Gertrude,	Wheeling, W. Va.
Henkel, Hallie,	Staunton, Va.
Hoge, Bessie,	Staunton, Va.
Jackells, Margaret,	Kansas City, Mo.
Jackells, Susie,	Kansas City, Mo.
Johnson, Lulie,	Norfolk, Va.
Johns, Margaret,	Whitecastle, La.
Johnson, Alice,	Portsmouth, Va.
Jackson, Susie,	Binghamton, N. Y.
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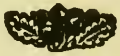

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